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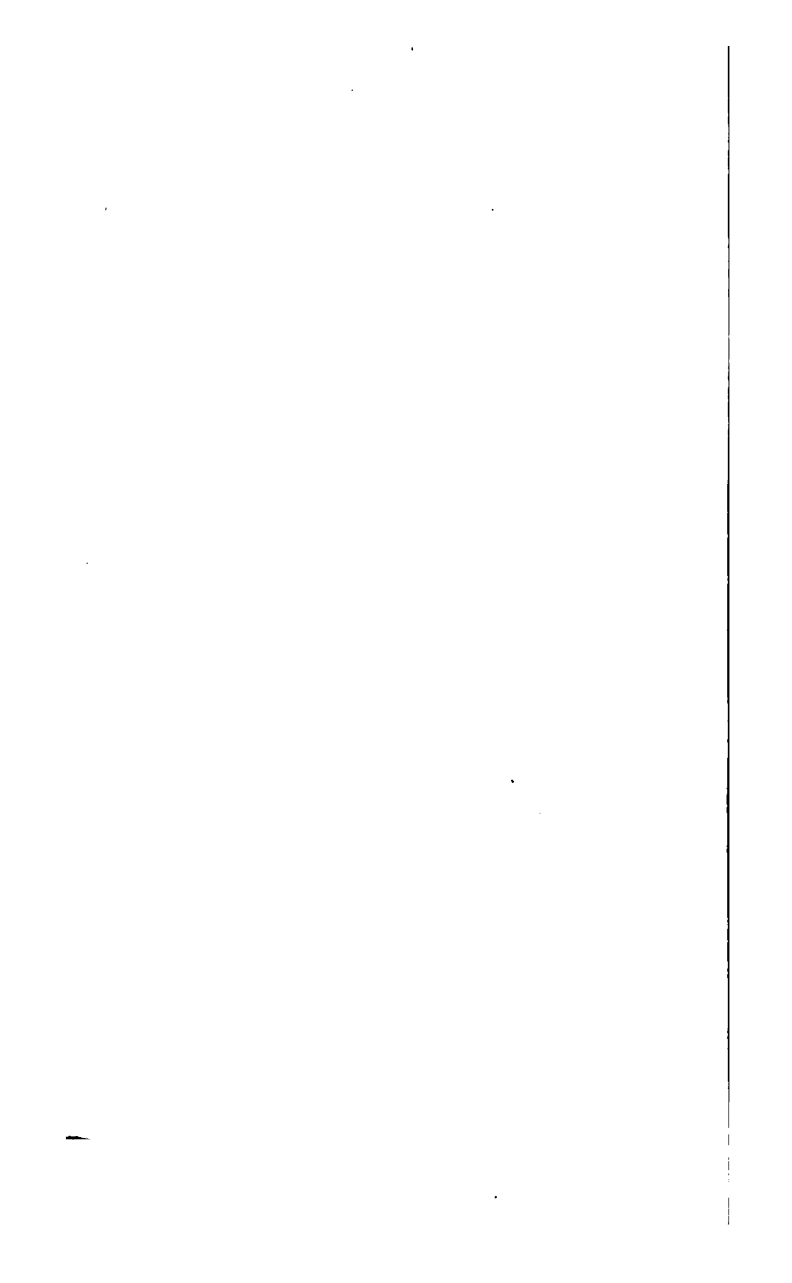
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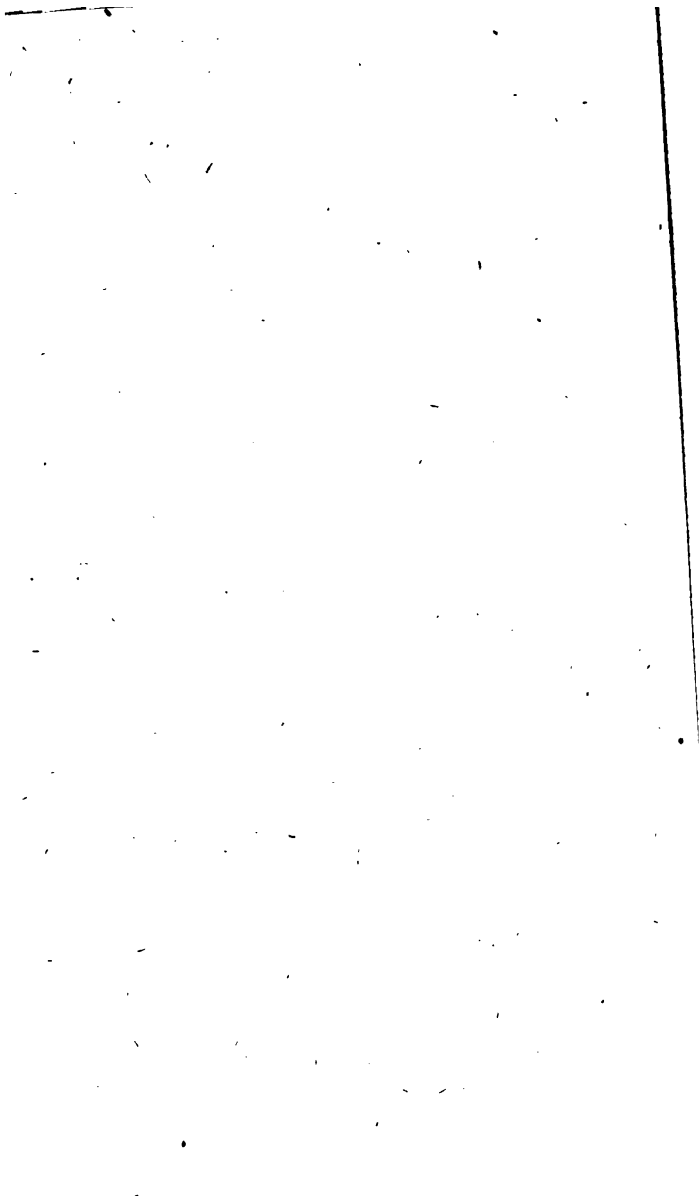


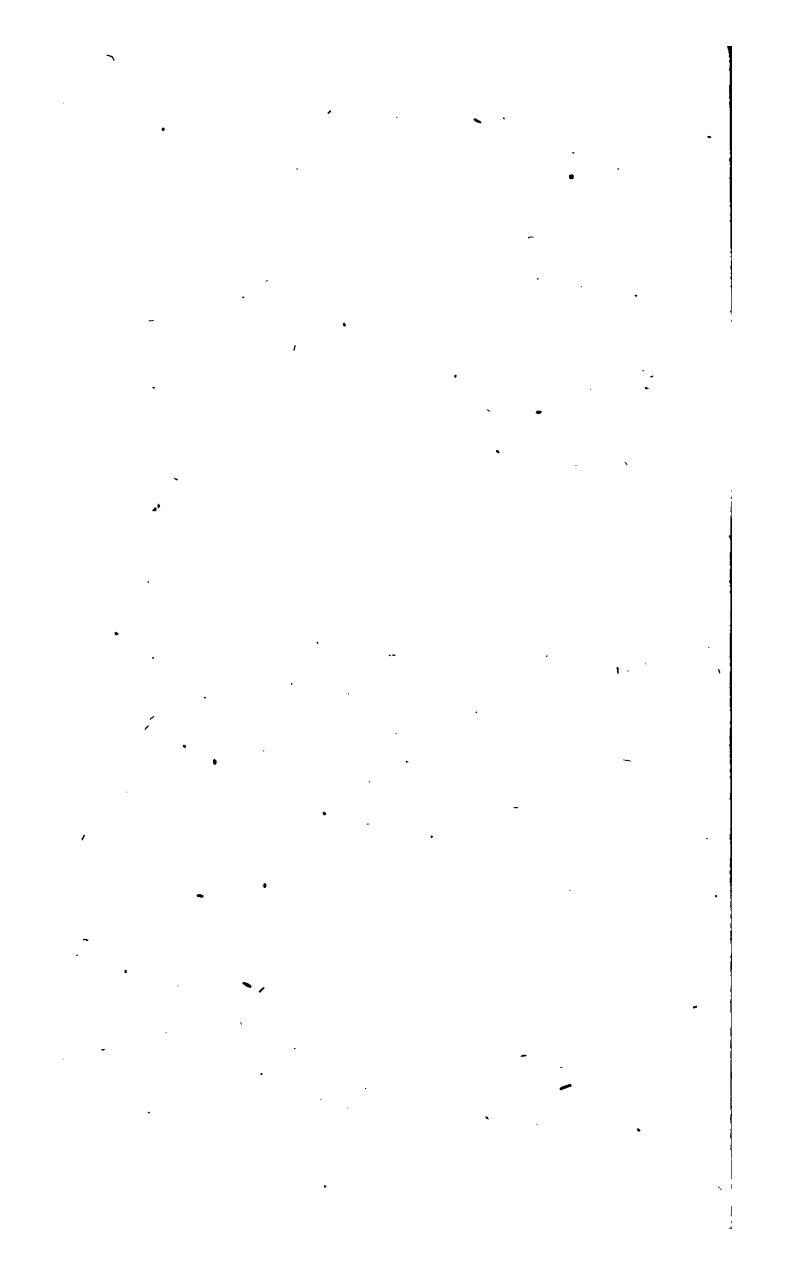
AN
(Walpole
Pinker)

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J. B. Hennott

Pinkerton, John.

WALPOLIANA.

7

Mr. Gray the poet has often observed to me that if any man were to form a Book of what he had seen and heard himself it must in whatever hands prove a most useful and entertaining one. *Walpole.*



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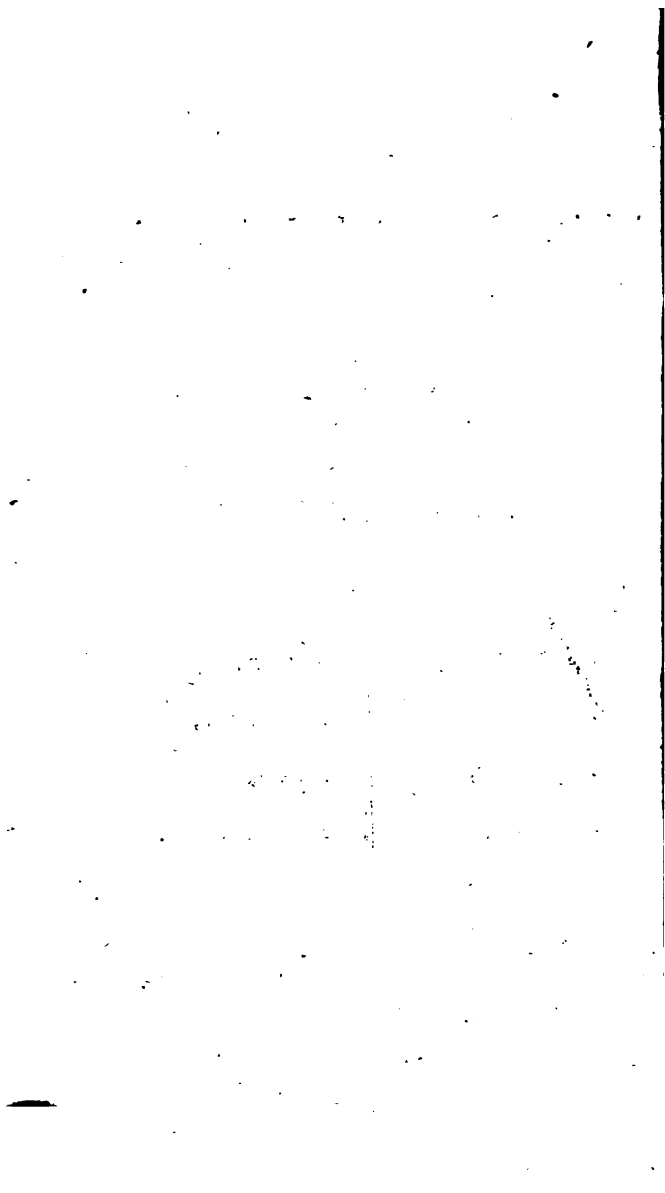
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JANUARY, 1800.

B



P R E F A C E.



*T*HIS little lounging miscellany aspires to the singular praise of being beneath all criticism :

For who would break a fly upon the wheel ?

It is, in most instances, a mere transcript of literary chit-chat, sent to the press in the original careless and unstudied expression. Horace Walpole was not one of those who regard conversation as an exercise of gladiatorial talents, or who study moral maxims, and arrange bons-mots, to be introduced into future colloquies. Complete ease and carelessness he regarded as the chief charms of conversation. To have employed therefore a more elevated

style, or more formal arrangement, in these trifling pages, would have been so far from an improvement, that it would have destroyed their genuine effect. Buffon has remarked, that a man's clothes are a part of the individual animal, and pass into the idea of the character. As this work walks forth in deshabille, it will afford a more faithful resemblance, than if it were pranked in velvet and gold lace.

If criticism can be applied to such a production as the present, it must proceed upon a just idea of its feeble nature, and hesitating pretensions. It cannot be estimated as a literary production :

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

It must be weighed solely as a transcript of conversation, which may be both amusing and instructive, and yet never aspire to the research, selection, and arrangement, necessary for the public ear.

This apology may be requisite for the editor's disregard of any plan, or connexion of parts, in the present miscellany, which contains anecdotes, remarks, letters, &c. &c. just as they were registered, or happened to start from memory, or from the drawer. It would have been a matter of slight toil to have arranged the whole under distinct heads,
had

had not the absence of art, and the want of order, been considered as charms of the landscape. *Maxima est ars celare artem*: but here, as no art was required, there was none to be concealed. The native graces would only have been injured by the heavy labour of formality.

In our language it is believed there is only one legitimate collection of this kind, the *Table Talk* of Selden—and the form and size of this little volume is calculated to be arranged by the curious on the same shelf. But from the date of Luther's *Table Talk* (which might admit of an interesting abstract), down to the latest *French Ana*, such productions have always been considered as altars erected to merit, as chief testimonies of literary esteem. And so exuberant were Mr. Walpole's mental riches, in the ready cash of anecdote, wit, judicious remark, epistolary elegance, that his warmest or coldest friends need not tremble at this publication of his colloquial sentiments. When the idea was suggested, his modesty declined it, on the ground of the non-importance (as he always insisted) of his literary character: but he furnished the editor with many anecdotes, &c. in his own hand-writing; and as the secret was buried in the editor's bosom, Mr. Walpole himself must have mentioned it to one or two, for, in a letter to Doctor Warton, he justly ridicules the idea of his undertaking such a

work himself. Julius Caesar and Tacitus made collections of the pointed sayings of others; but it is no wonder that the idea of his preserving his own should have appeared absurd to a mind so replete with a sense of decorum and propriety. As the design was of necessity posthumous, delicacy on the one side, and modesty on the other, prevented its being mentioned above once or twice; and the only allusion to it in his letters, is in that of August 1789, "I do not want you to throw a few daisies on my grave," &c.

Several specimens of this miscellany have already appeared in one of our best literary journals*, and have been favourably received. It is hoped the work, now published, complete, will meet with equal candour. A few other anecdotes may perhaps arise to memory, or be communicated by others; but in no case shall the present form of one small volume be exceeded. The editor of the *Magniana* to one small volume, first published, added by degrees three others, consisting mostly of compilations of his own, a mixture justly to be reprobated.

Yet, however anxious the probity of an editor may be, in a collection of this kind, depending much on exactness of memory, it is
impos-

* The Monthly Magazine.

impossible to avoid mistakes. A tale told fifteen years ago, may innocently be ascribed to a wrong person; or an expression mistated. Such unintentional lapses the reader will forgive; nor will he, it is hoped, be inclined to blame a few excursions, usual in the French *Ana*, the introduction of short papers, quotations, &c. only referred to, or silently read over, in the real conferences. Such a latitude has always been allowed in miscellanies of this denomination, as tending to enrich and variegate the original matter.*

Some of the letters are very brief, and unimportant; but Mr. Walpole's epistolary style was so graceful, that even fragments of it become valuable; and the reader's curiosity may be occasionally as much gratified by a short note from such a pen, as by a finished epistle. To borrow a metaphor from his favourite art, the slightest sketch by a master-painter will always be highly valued by connoisseurs.

Of the anecdotes, &c. many, perhaps all, may have been heard from Mr. Walpole's mouth, by numerous other friends besides the editor. As to apophthegms and jests, so few have pretensions to real novelty, that some of the freshest in our daily papers may be found in Plutarch and Hierocles. In such baubles

* Mr. Walpole himself has perhaps too much extended the term *ana*, by calling a collection of portraits, to illustrate *Sevigné's Letters*, *Sevigniana*.

the manner and selection are chiefly to be noted ; the gold may be as old as Adam, but the fabric constitutes it a modern toy.

Mr. Walpole made such repeated visits to Paris, and passed so much of his time in the first companies there ; he was besides so fond of French manners, and French books ; that a considerable share of his conversation was occupied with anecdotes of that soil. Hence the number of this description to be found in the present compilation ; many of which, no doubt, may exist in French publications, as a bon-mot is never lost in that country ; and some he may have repeated from recent reading.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

IN

FUGITIVE CRAYONS,

OF

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.



HAD this elegant writer, who united the good-sense of Fontenelle with the attic salt and graces of Count Antony Hamilton, composed memoirs of his own life, an example authorized by eminent names ancient and modern, every other pen must have been dropped in despair. But his literary modesty was invincible : his efforts as an author he always undervalued ; and in plain truth, independently of this character, his life would have afforded few and barren materials. An idle life must always be a dull one, in every sense.

Nor need it be concealed that, like Gray the poet, he was averse to the degraded imputation of being an author. By soliciting mock subscriptions for works, never, thank heaven! to be published, and by other mean and devious devices, the character of author had, about the time of his birth, incurred considerable contempt. The fashion of the court, under the first and second George, must also have had its weight with a young man of fashion, the son of their favourite minister; and one such expression as that of the late Duke of Cumberland to the late Mr. Gibbon*, would have effectually stifled all Mr. Walpole's literary exertions.

In another point of view, the character of author was beneath Mr. Walpole's pretensions. Ancient pedigree, high birth from a family to which nobility was the more dear as it was the recent reward of superior merit, continual motion in the first spheres of life, the respect and deference paid to his father and family by all the pride and all the wealth in the land, were considerations which few minds could have overcome; and it is no wonder that the very name of Walpole was considered as an inali-

* Soon after Gibbon published his last volumes, he attended at the duke's levee, who saluted him with this elegant flattery, "What! Mr. Gibbon, still scribble, scribble?"

inalienable inheritance of fame, which the dubious celebrity of an author might have endangered, but could not have increased. The whig aristocracy, to which Mr. Walpole belonged, never yielded to the tory aristocracy in the claims of family pride and ambition: the favourite idol, Power, was equally adored by both; the radical difference was on what pedestal to place it, on popular liberty, or popular slavery. Mr. Walpole's fashionable life, and repeated residences at Paris, fostered these inborn ideas; and the celebrity of lineage continued, unsuspectedly, to maintain a weight far superior to the mean and modern glory of talents.

But, as Voltaire told Congreve, "Had you been only a private gentleman, I should have spared this visit, which arises solely from your fame as an author," so Mr. Walpole's birth and death might have been limited to a monumental inscription, if his mind had not opened a path to a superior emanation of fame. By this immortal claim, he, who might have slumbered in a peerage, aspires to a nich in the *Biographia Britannica*; if a lively writer, wearing his own hair, may have any claim among the frizzled wigs of so many famous* parsons, hierarchic and presbyterian.

Horace

* "All men famous in their generation," says Holy Writ.

Horace Walpole was born in the year 1717; the month and day may be traced in some one of the peerages, by any idle person who has got such books. A singular alliance joined his father, a decided whig, with the daughter of John Shorter, Esq. the son of Sir John Shorter, arbitrarily appointed mayor of London by the special favour of James II. Horace was the third, and youngest, son of this marriage. On the death of this his first wife, Sir Robert Walpole wedded Maria Skerret, who bore only a daughter, Lady Maria.

Eton school imparted the first literary tinge to the mind of Horace Walpole, who here formed his acquaintance with Gray the poet, a name ever to be eminent, while genius and literature are revered by mankind. About the year 1734 both proceeded to complete their education at Cambridge. Mr. Walpole was of King's College; and his verses in memory of Henry VI. the founder, dated Feb. 1738, may be regarded as his first production, and no unfavourable omen of his future abilities.

In the summer of that year, Mr. Walpole, now arrived at majority, was appointed inspector-general of the exports and imports; a place which he soon after exchanged for the sinecure office of usher of the Exchequer, worth three thousand
pounds

pounds a year. Other posts soon followed, to the further annual amount, of seventeen hundred pounds, his father being still in the plenitude of his power.

Not inclining to enter so early into political bustle and parliamentary life, he prevailed on his father to permit him to travel abroad for a few years. Mr. Gray was induced to accompany him. They left England in March 1739, and proceeded to France and Italy. Upon their return, in May 1741, a dispute arose at Reggio, on their route from Florence to Venice. Mr. Walpole liberally assumed the blame: but Mr. Gray was certainly not the most pleasant of companions; and his peculiarities, though those of a man of great genius and erudition, were haughty, and impatient, and intolerant of the peculiarities of others. The conscious independence, the inborn pride of talents, are often most unfortunate to their possessors; while torpid, pliant, and even-tempered dulness shakes its head at the folly of wisdom. Except a man abandon society, no talents can render him independent of its forms; and Mr. Walpole was, in every point of view, intitled to great deference from Mr. Gray, whose temper was more inclined to expect compliance, than to pry it. If at the same time we reflect that Mr. Gray had then no wreath

wreath of fame, we must leave his future reputation out of the estimate. In any other similar case we should have said, "Here is a man travelling in the highest style, at the expence of another, whose splendor he shares; introduced by him to courts and princes; in short, so much elevated, that his head becomes giddy, so that he quarrels for some trifle with his liberal benefactor; and, by the ill temper of an hour, forfeits his favour for life, and ruins all his own reasonable expectations." There can, indeed, be no doubt; that, had it not been for this idle indulgence of his own haughty temper, Mr. Gray would immediately on his return have received, as usual, a pension or office from Sir Robert Walpole: and it is probable that some peevish expression, of contempt of any such remuneration, placed an insuperable bar betwixt him and his friend's intentions.

To leave these painful reflections on the weakness of a man of talents, Mr. Walpole, upon his return, appears as member of parliament for Callington in Cornwall; and in March 1742 he made an animated speech in defence of his father, when a committee of secrecy was agitated, in order to examine the conduct of the minister. He seems, however, to have been dissatisfied with his own powers of oratory, as
he

he was afterwards a silent senator, though his political existence continued, as member for Castle Rising in Norfolk in 1747, and for King's Lynn in 1754 and 1761. His "Counter-Address to the Public, on the late Dismission of a General Officer" (Conway), appeared in 1764. That general enjoyed the particular intimacy of Mr. Walpole, as a friend and relation, for a long series of years, as appears from the large correspondence lately published. The scene of politics was closed, in 1767, by a letter addressed to the Mayor of Lynn, announcing the intention of retiring from parliament. The chief heads of this masculine epistle are, that a warm contest was apprehended, in consequence of ministerial corruption, which he fears "it will end in the ruin of this constitution and country;" and that he wished to preserve the peace of the borough, which he had represented in two parliaments, without offering, or being asked for, the smallest gratification by any one of his constituents; that, after having sitten above five and twenty years in parliament, he can safely say, that he has never asked nor received a personal favour from any minister, but has been guided solely by the principles of the revolution, which plac'd the present family on the throne.

Though

Though Mr. Walpole thus closed his public part in politics, yet he continued to be consulted by the leaders of opposition, a distinction due to his name, age, and experience. He is believed to have approved, if not advised, the noted coalition of North and Fox. But he never suffered self-interest to interfere on such occasions; he was a firm and steady supporter of the cause of freedom, till the French revolution, or *subversion*, as Mr. Gibbon emphatically styles it in his posthumous works, shook and embroiled all the former opinions of mankind. The decree for the abolition of nobility conspired with his own accession to the peerage of Orford, to excite a decided enmity against that revolution; and insensibly against its pretence of freedom. An old man of seventy-three could scarcely be expected to sacrifice all his former ideas to those new and untried experiments; and even a democrat, if he possess common candour, will not blame the Earl of Orford for sheltering his aged laurels under the Royal Oak. The progress of his ideas on this occasion may be the more easily traced, if we reflect that, from the first, he shewed a cordial contempt of Rousseau, and the other French *philosophes*, so much revered by the revolutionists: accustomed to estimate man by his only real standards, of
history

history and experience, he abhorred the extravagant ignorance of their theories, and their mad attempts to unite the totally discordant principles of reason and atheism. Himself a rational and experimental philosopher, he preferred an old system under which many nations had flourished, to theories beautiful in appearance, but which might lead to destruction. A plain house, on a solid soil, was justly esteemed more comfortable than a palace on a land of earthquakes. He always thought a monarch necessary to public freedom, *nusquam gratior libertas quam sub rege pio*: but on the other hand, he regarded public liberty as the chief ornament and security of the throne, which despotism might render odious, and even endanger its fall. Those self-interested sycophants, commonly styled friends of a king, were by Mr. Walpole execrated as his chief and most decided foes. His politics were, like his religion, moderate and rational, not enthusiastic. He at all times hated democracy, which he considered as a theory too refined for human nature; and subordination of ranks was with him the golden chain of Homer. Human life he viewed as a series of unavoidable errors and passions, founded on deceitful appearances, moral and physical: he did not choose to anatomise

mise his mistress, nor to use truth as an instrument of torment and disorder. With him there remained no doubt that the mass of mankind were, of absolute necessity, doomed to ignorance; and that the new mirrors of reason might dazzle the populace by a few flashing beams, but never could distribute a regular, continual light. He highly approved a saying of Gibbon to the Editor, "Those tenets may make the people giddy, but cannot enlighten or invigorate them. You or I may venture on a single glass of liqueur; but what would be the consequence if we opened hogsheds of it to the people in the street?"

So much for Mr. Walpole's political opinions, which form an essential part of his biography: and to have omitted them, even in this feeble sketch, might have been considered as a parallel absurdity to that of Mallet, who is said to have written the life of Bacon, without reflecting that he was a philosopher.

Mr. Walpole's pursuits, as a connoisseur, and as a man of letters, remain to be considered.

In 1747 he purchased a small tenement at Strawberry-hill, near Twickenham, which he afterwards altered and enlarged in the Gothic taste of building; and crowd-
ed

ed the apartments with such a profusion of paintings and curiosities, ancient and modern, that it may be regarded as one of the most interesting residences in England. His fortune, unincumbered with matrimonial expences, or fashionable extravagances, enabled him to erect a most laudable monument of his love of the arts. He used to term it a paper house, the walls being very slight, and the roof not the most secure in heavy rains; but in viewing the apartments, particularly the magnificent gallery, all such ideas vanished in admiration. The library, and the dining parlour, were built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; not to mention later additions.

I know not if Mr. Bateman's monastery at Old Windsor were prior in order of time, but it has more uniformity of design. Not to mention minute discordances, there are several parts of Strawberry-hill which belong to the religious, and others to the castellated form of Gothic architecture. But such is the general effect, that pleasure supercedes censure, and criticism wishes to be deceived.

In 1757 Mr. Walpole here opened a printing press; the first publication being the two sublime odes of Gray, with whom
he

he had renewed his acquaintance in 1744*. Their subsequent letters, indeed, bespeak a complete intimacy. The next publications were the translation of a part of Hentzner's Travels—and Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and fugitive Pieces. So early as 1747 he had appeared as an author, in the *Ædes Walpolianæ*, or description of his father's house at Houghton in Norfolk.

A catalogue of the Strawberry-hill publications will be found in the Appendix to this volume. But, in estimating Mr. Walpole's literary character, it becomes indispensable to offer a brief review of his chief productions.

His poetry seldom rises above the middling, but has several forcible lines, and elegant turns of expression. These remarks are confined to his Fugitive Pieces, for in the *Mysterious Mother* he aspires to the praise of real genius, by the strong, characteristic, and appropriated language; by a skilful anatomy of the human heart and passions; and by a striking originality, which pervades and animates the whole.

In

* The name of the first printer, I suppose, was William Robinson, who appears in "Spence's Parallel," S H 1758. The last printer was Mr. Kirgate, whose modest merit was supplanted in Lord Orford's will by intriguing impudence, as always happens.

In the same class may be estimated the Castle of Otranto, which, however, has rather the wildness of Savaltor Rosa, than the grand genius of Michael Angelo. It raises expectations which are not gratified—one reads it once—one is disappointed, and returns to it no more. It has nevertheless the merit of originality; and, if the spectres raised sometimes injure the magician, they at least prove the power of his art. Two objections have been started, that it first appeared as a literary forgery, as a translation from the Italian by one Marshall; and that it led the way to many wild romances that have followed.

1. If a literary forgery pervert no real fact in history or antiquities, but be merely calculated to please the reader, in the paths of poetry and romance, it is innocent. A rigid censor, at a time when he is perhaps himself indulging in "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," should seriously examine whether the blame be not more noxious than the offence. In the Spectator, No. 542, the reader may consult Mr. Addison's vindication of such innocent frauds: and the morality of Addison may be considered as the reflection of a most clear and unstained mirror.

2. The

2. The other objection supposes that novels, or representations of real life, are preferable to romances, or pictures of an imaginary existence. This it denied. Novels, both in France and England, have proved a public bane, destructive of female duties and morals, subversive of every idea of the dull realities of life : and calculated, by false pictures of visionary happiness, to excite discontent at the actual and trivial scenes of human existence. While life itself presents so many cares and pangs; the mind, instead of being prepared to bear them with fortitude, is dissolved in imaginary sensibilities—novels impart a kind of new sense of things, which sense of things, as it never can be gratified, is an infallible path to misery, is the grand secret of being unhappy. Pages might be written on this topic ; but it is far from the present intention to censure all novels. Many are exquisite compositions for minds already formed ; and a few may even be entrusted to unskilful youth. Romances, on the contrary, as they depict no scenes of real life, can never mislead. Young minds may seek, and find where they do not exist, cruel fathers, harsh husbands and brothers, dying swains, innocent adulteries, &c. &c. ; but even infancy will rarely believe in flying horses, magical palaces,

palaces; and all the unsubstantial fabric of romance. The one is studied and revolved, as a real delineation of life; while the other, far too wild for any such supposition, only strikes for a moment, like the unreal creations of a magical lantern. Romance presents a cup of slight and momentary intoxication, while the other holds a philtre that deranges the imagination for life.

In briefly considering Mr. Walpole's other prose works, the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors first established his reputation, as a most agreeable collector of anecdotes. It is, however, often inaccurate and incomplete. In treating antiquarian subjects extreme accuracy is required; and extreme accuracy is unattainable, except by extensive reading, and sedulous labour. Fashionable company, and luxurious ease, are not schools of accuracy; and the "Historic Doubts concerning Richard III." present melancholy proofs of this truth. Even in the recent anecdotes of the Memoirs de Grammont, Mr. Walpole sometimes embroiled his author by radical mistakes.

Those works of Mr. Walpole, which will probably be reprinted for centuries to come, are his Letters, The Mysterious Mother, and The Anecdotes of Painting in England. If the metaphor be not quaint,

quaint, the last may be considered as the basis of his column of celebrity, the letters as the shaft, the tragedy as a finished capital. The amiable ease, and playful elegance, the striking expression, ready sense, and graceful turns of his language, were singularly adapted to epistolary correspondence.

In our estimate of those works, which have survived expiring generations, and withstood the shock of discordant centuries, utility goes hand in hand with genius. The useful page of the ancient compiler is placed on the same shelf of antiquity, with the original creation of talent. Pliny's Natural History, for example, the amazing compilation of a man of rank, of a busy statesman, is revered as a classical production, as an exuberant treasure of ancient knowledge. A modern author needs never hesitate to rest his chief fame on so useful a compilation as the Anecdotes of Painting in England. It is true the materials were chiefly collected by Vertue, as those of Voltaire's *Histoire Generale* were by a Benedictine monk. Private curiosity may collect materials, and form plans: the merit lies in offering them to general use; the perpetual praise in securing their perpetual existence.

Even in this work a few mistakes, chiefly chronological, might be corrected; but they are so few, that the work will ever be perused with delight, even by the most learned reader. It is not only an entertaining and instructive book, but has a national merit, in contributing to revive and encourage a general taste for the fine arts.

In the fourth volume of this interesting production appeared the Essay on modern Gardening, written in 1770. The editor suggested to Mr. Walpole a singular passage in Tacitus, which loudly indicates Nero as the founder of this new art. Mr. Walpole seemed much struck with it, and said he would insert it in the next edition; but he changed his mind, probably not liking such a founder. Yet, if posterity find a famine arise from the extent of our artificial waters, and forests, and delicious deserts, created at the expense of unpicturesque corn-fields, Nero may perhaps reclaim his honours. The passage is short. “Ceterum Nero usus est patriæ ruinis, extruxitque domum, in quo haud perinde gemmæ et aurum miraculo essent, solita pridem et luxu vulgata, quam arva, et stagna; et, in modum solitudinum, hinc silvæ, inde aperta spatia et prospectus: magistris et machinatoribus Severo et Celere, quibus ingenium et au-

dacia erat etiam quæ natura denegavisset per artem tentare, et viribus principis includere." Ann. xv. 42. Which may be thus translated: "Moreover, Nero availed himself of the ruins of his country, and erected a palace, in which gems and gold, usual and vulgar luxuries, were not so much to be admired, as the lawns and lakes, and, in the manner of deserts, here woods, there open spaces and prospects: the masters and contrivers being Celer and Severus, who possessed genius and enterprise to attempt by art what nature had denied, and to spread delusions with princely magnificence."

The other incidents of Mr. Walpole's life present little to interest an indifferent reader. In 1749 it was nearly closed by the pistol of Maclean the highwayman, which went off by accident, after he had robbed our author, who has told the story, in his usual pleasing manner, in a paper in the World. His supposed letter, from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, in 1766, is a good specimen of dry humour; but it inflamed the dispute between that unhappy *philosophe* and David Hume, who was supposed an associate in the plot. Rousseau's extreme nervous irritability (often the foil of great genius) was the curse of his existence; and his whole life was embittered by a tincture of

of insanity, a peevish dream of imaginary evils, and designs against his infatuated self-importance. The powers of medicine, composing draughts of camphor and opium, baths and fumigations, would have had more effect than all the nostrums of modern philosophy. But it is clear from his Confessions that his madness (he owns that he left England in a fit of insanity) was like that of a Swedenborg, of a non-descript kind; that all his nonentities appearing to him realities, he never consulted physicians, who, by calming the nerves, and strengthening the frame, might have convinced him that a *philosophe* is only a kind of violin, which sounds as it happens to be tuned.

Upon this philosophical fiddle Hume played in the most tender and pathetic style; but the strings were loose, and the frame, though an exquisite Cremona, was injured, so that discords alone were heard. Those discords were certainly not appeased by Mr. Walpole; whose letters to David on this occasion deservedly astonished that real, mild, unfanatic, unenthusiastic, and universally tolerant, philosopher, as betraying a contempt of letters and philosophy totally unworthy of their author. To judge of a man's real and fixed opinions, from a splenetic expression, or temporary effusion, would

be most unjust. Yet if the reader will recur to the commencement of this slight biography, he will discover the clue of Mr. Walpole's sentiments, which Hume had not sufficient intimacy nor opportunities to observe. The pride of birth and rank, which the *philosophes*, and Rousseau in particular, attempted to level as adventitious and absurd, were ever in Mr. Walpole's eye far paramount to the fame of arts, letters, or philosophy. Alcibiades was, with him, a personage greatly superior to Socrates: angels, and people of rank, were created; vulgar people, vulgar painters, vulgar authors, were made, God knows how, on the fifth day of the creation, though the event was beneath the notice of any bible, richly bound and gilt.

Another incident, which must not be omitted, is the unfortunate affair of Chatterton. In this Mr. Walpole has certainly been blamed for mere contingencies, which no benevolence nor prudence could have foreseen or prevented. Was he to foresee that Chatterton should evince great abilities; or that a person who began the acquaintance by sending a notorious forgery, was nevertheless to turn out worthy of patronage? Had Mr. Walpole procured an office for Chatterton, might not the youth's violent passions have

have squandered its produce, and the same catastrophe have occurred? But his own Vindication will sufficiently satisfy any candid person on this head; and the charge would never have been heard, had it not been founded by two descriptions of prejudiced persons, those enthusiasts who believed in Rowley's authenticity, or who regarded Chatterton's Poems (now forgotten) as chief efforts of genius; and those who eagerly sought to gratify their enmity against Mr. Walpole for his neglect of them or their writings.

The forgery of Rowley's supposed Poems not only violated many facts in history and antiquities, but proceeded so far as the fabrication of pretended ancient parchments. It is therefore justly to be condemned; but that it should impose on any man of common learning is wonderful. The orthography, or cacography, style, manner, &c. &c. of the English language, in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. are so remote from the mock Saxon of Rowley, that they are precisely the same with those in the reign of Henry VIII. a century after, as any person, who will take the trouble of examining papers and letters of those periods, will immediately perceive.

More relevant to the present memoir is an observation, arising from the transaction with Chatterton. A more gross error never prevailed than that which was generally adopted during Mr. Walpole's life, and which alone led Chatterton to apply to him; namely, that he was a beneficent patron of artists and men of letters.

Mr. Walpole was of a benignant and charitable disposition, but no man ever existed who had less of the character of a patron. He has somewhere said that an artist has pencils, and an author has pens, and the public must reward them as it happens. He might have added, in strict character, that posts and pensions, and even presents, were the allotted and eternal perquisites of persons of quality—the manna of the chosen people.

As to artists, he paid them what they earned; and he commonly employed mean ones, that the reward might be the smaller. The portraits in the *Anecdotes of Painting* disgrace the work; and a monument consecrated to the arts is deeply inscribed with the chilling penury of their supposed patron. Yet no one was more prone to censure such imperfections in the productions of others.

As to authors, it would be truly difficult to point out one who received any solid

solid pecuniary patronage from Mr. Walpole. His praise was valuable; but the powers of his voice were not extensive, and never called forth distant echoes. Chatterton could not expect what neither Gray, nor Mason, nor other favourite men of genius, had ever seen. With an income of about five thousand pounds a year, a mere pittance for a person of his birth and rank, it is no wonder that poverty prevented him from ever giving fifty pounds; or even five, to any man of talents; for he considered an ascetic life as very beneficial to the mental powers. Modesty also forbade his making presents, or doing any essential services, to artists or authors, who might perhaps, in their idle emotions of gratitude, have proclaimed the benefits received. This he avoided by silently transmitting his money to the bank, that he might cut up fat in a rich and titled will; or by laying out on some breviary, or bauble of the days of Queen Bess, what might have saved genius from despair, might have invigorated the hand of industry, and have secured the purest and most lasting of all kinds of reputation, the celestial fame of goodness and beneficence. Had the house of Medici, his favourite family, been contented with their opulence and their gallery, we should never have heard of

Lorenzo the Magnificent, nor of Leo the Patron of Letters. It was not the selfish cloud, but the scattered shower, that awoke the flowers of applause.

If biography did not operate as an example of reproof, as well as of approbation, it would be useless to mankind. An academician may pronounce an *éloge*, and a schoolboy an exercise, but a just and candid delineation of human character must ever "smell of mortality," to use an expression of Shakspeare. A faultless character is the creature of imagination, while the chief object of biography is truth. And, with his faults, how much superior does Horace Walpole appear to thousands of his rank and wealth, whose faults and pursuits are alike beneath the notice of biography?

In 1791, by the death of his nephew, the title of Orford, the unwished and sad bequest of an expiring lineage, reverted to Horace Walpole, at the advanced age of seventy four. It was some time before he would sign, or assent to, his new title; and he never took his seat in parliament. The additional income, as he told the editor, was about 3800^l. yearly, but with several new and unavoidable claims of expenditure. The title is now extinct: the estate of Houghton has passed to Lord Cholmondeley.

A letter

A letter in this collection will shew Mr. Walpole's feelings on this occasion, which only served to disturb the repose of his declining years. The new title, the gout, the French revolution, conspired with old age to tease this amiable man; and his two last years were unhappy to himself, tormenting to the patience of his servants, and disastrous to some of his old and valued friendships. On the 2d of March, 1797, he expired at his house in Berkeley-square, in the eightieth year of a life prolonged by temperance, and rarely corroded by care, or disturbed by passions.

The ruling passion, repeatedly elucidated above, is strongly marked in his last will. Though he had many ingenious friends, not one slight memorial appears of his love of genius or talents. He bequeaths about one hundred thousand pounds—and bequeaths it as every person of quality should do.

THE person of Horace Walpole was short and slender, but compact and neatly formed. When viewed from behind, he had somewhat of a boyish appearance, owing to the form of his person, and the simplicity of his dress. His features may

be seen in many portraits ; but none can express the placid goodness of his eyes, which would often sparkle with sudden rays of wit, or dart forth flashes of the most keen and intuitive intelligence. His laugh was forced and uncouth, and even his smile not the most pleasing.

His walk was enfeebled by the gout ; which, if the editor's memory do not deceive, he mentioned that he had been tormented with since the age of twenty-five ; adding, at the same time, that it was no hereditary complaint, his father, Sir Robert Walpole, who always drank ale, never having known that disorder, and far less his other parent. This painful complaint not only affected his feet, but attacked his hands to such a degree that his fingers were always swelled and deformed, and discharged large chalk-stones once or twice a year : upon which occasions he would observe, with a smile, that he must set up an inn, for he could chalk up a score with more ease and rapidity than any man in England.

Whether owing to this disorder, or to a sense of the superiority of mental delights, and clear even spirits, to the feverish delirium of debauch, the perdition of memory, and the slow convalescence amid the pangs of self-reproach, he passed the latter half, at least, of his life in
the

the most strict temperance, though in his youth it is believed he was rather addicted to the luxuries of a replete table. Though he sat up very late, either writing or conversing, he generally rose about nine o'Clock, and appeared in the breakfast-room, his constant and chosen apartment, with fine vistas towards the Thames. His approach was proclaimed, and attended, by a favourite little dog, the legacy of the Marquise du Deffand; and which ease and attention had rendered so fat that it could hardly move. This was placed beside him on a small sofa; the tea-kettle, stand and heater, were brought in, and he drank two or three cups of that liquor out of most rare and precious ancient porcelain of Japan, of a fine white embossed with large leaves. The account of his china-cabinet, in his description of his villa, will shew how rich he was in that elegant luxury. The loaf and butter were not spared, for never tasting even what is called no-supper, he was appetised for breakfast; and the dog and the squirrels had a liberal share of his repast.

Dinner was served up in the small parlour, or large dining-room, as it happened: in winter generally the former. His valet supported him down stairs; and he ate most moderately of chicken, pheasant,

fant, or any light food. Pastry he disliked, as difficult of digestion, though he would taste a morsel of venison-pye. Never, but once that he drank two glasses of white wine, did the editor see him taste any liquor, except ice-water. A pail of ice was placed under the table, in which stood a decanter of water, from which he supplied himself with his favourite beverage. This his guest would occasionally share, and found it a delicious refreshment, diffusing the genial warmth imparted by liqueurs, without any of their subsequent heating and pernicious effects. It is indeed surprising that this luxury of every porter in Naples should continue so rare in other countries.

If his guest liked even a moderate quantity of wine, he must have called for it during dinner, for almost instantly after he rang the bell to order coffee up stairs. Thither he would pass about five o'clock; and generally resuming his place on the sofa, would sit till two o'clock in the morning, in miscellaneous chit-chat, full of singular anecdotes, strokes of wit, and acute observations, occasionally sending for books, or curiosities, or passing to the library, as any reference happened to arise in conversation. After his coffee he tasted nothing; but the snuff box of *tabac d'etrennes*, from Fribourg's, was not forgotten,

gotten, and was replenished from a canister lodged in an ancient marble urn of great thickness, which stood in the window-seat, and served to secure its moisture and rich flavour.

Such was a private rainy day of Horace Walpole. The forenoon quickly passed in roaming through the numerous apartments of the house, in which, after twenty visits, still something new would occur; and he was indeed constantly adding fresh acquisitions. Sometimes a walk in the grounds would intervene, on which occasions he would go out in his slippers through a thick dew; and he never wore a hat. He said that, on his first visit to Paris, he was ashamed of his effeminaey, when he saw every little meagre Frenchman, whom even he could have thrown down with a breath, walking without a hat, which he could not do, without a certainty of that disease, which the Germans say is endemic in England, and is termed by the natives *le catsb-cold*. The first trial cost him a slight fever, but he got over it, and never caught cold afterwards: draughts of air, damp rooms, windows open at his back, all situations were alike to him in this respect. He would even shew some little offence at any solicitude, expressed by his guests on such an occasion, as an idea arising from the seeming tenderness of

of his frame: and would say, with a half-smile of good-humoured crossness, "My back is the same with my face, and my neck is like my nose.;" His iced water he not only regarded as a preservative from such an accident, but he would sometimes observe that he thought his stomach and bowels would last longer than his bones; such conscious vigour and strength in those parts did he feel from the use of that beverage.

Occasionally he would go in an evening to visit Mrs Clive, to whom he had assigned an adjacent cottage. The charms of that lady's conversation were wonderful, and she was the life of every company in which she appeared. Though she was regarded as Mr. Walpole's *chère amie*, the delights of her conversation seem to have been his chief object.

It is uncertain that he ever entertained any idea of marriage, though it be said that, after his accession to the title, he offered his hand successively to two most amiable and interesting sisters, with the sole view of exerting all the power he had over an expiring peerage, by conferring it on a female, certainly in every respect most worthy of such a distinction. He was an elegant and devout admirer of the fair sex, in whose presence he would exceed his usual powers of conversation; his

his spirits were animated as if by a cordial, and he would scatter his wit and *petits mots* with dazzling profusion.

His engaging manners, and gentle, endearing affability to his friends, exceed all praise. Not the smallest hauteur, or consciousness of rank or talents, appeared in his familiar conferences; and he was ever eager to dissipate any constraint that might occur, as imposing a constraint upon himself, and knowing that any such chain enfeebles and almost annihilates the mental powers. Endued with exquisite sensibility, his wit never gave the smallest wound even to the grossest ignorance of the world, or the most morbid hypochondriac bashfulness: *experto crede*.

Humane, benignant, to his servants, he was at times even subject to the caprices of Colomb, his Swiss valet-de-chambre. If he ordered a tree to be felled, perhaps he was arbitrarily opposed; but no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, and those who know real life often feel that it is better to give up one's inclination now and then, than to lose one's temper; and that those who are conscious that they are necessary will assume power. To those whose services he could dispense with he was, at times, sufficiently stern, especially in his last years: but sensibility and anger are nearly allied; and

and pain and weakness will seldom fail to irritate the mind through the body: Mr. Walpole was absurdly blamed for the fate of one servant, a fine but undeserving youth, by those who were ignorant of the circumstances. Fond of dress, the youth repeatedly stole plate, and sold or pawned it. Detested, sharply reprehended, and threatened by Colomb, the poor fellow hung himself on a tree in the grove. Mr. Walpole had not the slightest share in the transaction.

The mental powers of this pleasing and interesting writer have already been sufficiently estimated, and it is almost needless to add, that they chiefly consisted in an exquisite taste for the fine arts; and in what the French term *le fleur d'esprit*, the product of a brilliant fancy, and rapid association of ideas, joined with good sense. Thus endued by nature and education, his ample fortune enabled him to enjoy a learned luxury, to pick all the roses of science, and leave the thorns behind. In the distribution of human affairs, it generally happens that those who have a decided propensity to letters or the arts are confined in the gloomy cells of penury, and oppressed with those cares which are the most foreign to their pursuits; while the delights of free genius, and excursive science, are chilled by the sordid necessities
of

of acquiring a daily maintenance. The opulent, on the contrary, rarely possess a warm and decided taste for the arts, and far less for literary labours: the gulf of dissipation, the oblivion not the enjoyment of life, lies between them and this paradise. To this paradise Mr. Walpole was admitted: and if human life can ever be said to run in a course of regular and uniform happiness, that happiness was his, endeared, perhaps, rather than diminished, by distant intervals of corporeal infirmity. Surrounded by every object that can delight the mind or the eye, that can excite curiosity, or gratify taste; blessed with a strong propensity to some one, or other, interesting pursuit (the very secret of human felicity), and never deficient in the means of its accomplishment, he certainly moved in a sphere known to very few.

Quæis meliore luto finxit pæcordia Titan.

Even in trifles his taste for enjoyment was elegant and learned: the pots of tuberose, or of canary heliotropes, the papers of orange flowers, that perfumed his chamber, were luxuries rather feminine; but the censer or pot of frankincense, with which the parlour was scented after dinner, dispersed the steam of the victuals,
and

and enlivened the table not less by the perfume, than by the monastic anecdotes which occasionally accompanied its introduction.

Few companies, it is presumed, would have wished to have lost Mr. Walpole's conversation in the silence of cards. Yet he sometimes played; and his goodness imposed it on him as a duty to pass an evening at whist with the old Duke of Montrose, who was blind, but contrived (by what means I forget) to manage his game.

The portrait prefixed, after M^cArdell's private print from Sir Joshua Reynolds 1757, represents Mr. Walpole in the prime of life, and must have been very like, as strong traces of resemblance remained, particularly about the eyes. There are other prints by Reading and Parisot; not to mention a portrait by Eckardt, a drawing by Mr. Dance, a recent print by Barlow, and another, pretty exact representation of his old age, in the collection of his works.

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Bernis and Fleury.

CARDINAL de Bernis, when only an Abbé, solicited Cardinal Fleury, then four-score, for some preferment. Fleury told him fairly, he should never have any thing in his time : Bernis replied, "*Monseigneur j'attendrai* *."

Countess of Coventry.

Towards the close of the reign of George the Second, the beautiful Countess of Coventry talking to him on shows, and thinking only of the figure she herself should make in a procession, told him, the sight she wished most to see was a coronation.

The

* My Lord, I shall wait.

The Clerical Gown.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protection;" replied, "It may be mine, but it shall not be your's;" pulled it off, and thrashed the aggressor.

Patriotism of Wilkes.

Depend upon it, my dear Sir, that Wilkes was in the pay of France, during the Wilkes and liberty days. Calling one day on the French minister, I observed a book on his table, with Wilkes's name in the first leaf. This led to a conversation, which convinced me. Other circumstances, too long and minute to be repeated, strengthened, if necessary, that conviction. I am as sure of it, as of any fact I know.

Wilkes at first cringed to Lord Bute. The embassy to Constantinople was the object of his ambition. It was refused—and you know what followed.

Bute's Ministry.

Lord Bute was my schoolfellow. He was a man of taste and science, and I do believe his intentions were good. He wished to blend and unite all parties. The tories were willing to come in for a *share* of power, after having been so long excluded—but the whigs were not willing to grant that share. Power is an
intox-

intoxicating draught; the more a man has, the more he desires.

Lady Wortley Montague.

The letters of Lady Wortley Montague are genuine, I have seen the originals, among which are some far superior to those in print. But some of them were very immodest. When the publication was about to take place, Lord Bute, who had married her daughter, sent for the editor, and offered one hundred pounds to suppress them. The man took the money, promised—and published.

Lady Wortley Montague was a playfellow of mine when both were children, She was always a dirty little thing. This habit continued with her. When at Florence, the Grand Duke gave her apartments in his palace. One room sufficed for every thing. When she went away, the stench was so strong, that they were obliged to fumigate the chamber with vinegar for a week.

Pope gave her the Homer he had used in translating. I have got it: it is a small edition by Wetstein. Here it is. She wrote that little poem in the blank leaves.

Conjugal Affection.

A French gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife, before his second, who one day said to him, "*Monsieur, je vous assure qu'il n'y a personne qui la regrette plus que moi**."

Conju-

* "I assure, you, Sir, no one regrets her more than I."

Conjugal Wit.

Another French lady wrote this letter to her husband. "*Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire : je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire.*"

Monks and Friars.

What you say is perfectly just. Some degree of learning is necessary even to compose a novel. How many modern writers confound monks and friars! Yet they were almost as different as laymen and priests. Monachism was an old institution for *laymen*. The friars, *freres*, or brothers, were first instituted in the thirteenth century, in order, by their preaching, to oppose the lollards. They united priesthood with monachism; but while the monks were chiefly confined to their respective houses, the friars were wandering about as preachers and confessors. This gave great offence to the secular clergy, who were thus deprived of profits and inheritances. Hence the satyric and impure figures of friars and nuns, in our old churches. Do you remember any example of retaliation? I suppose there were similar libels on the secular clergy in the chapels of friaries now abolished*.

Mr.

† "I write to you, because I have nothing to do; I end my letter, because I have nothing to say."

* Gross errors of this kind appear in the writings of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, and Mr. LEWIS. "*The Monk*" of the latter, both in his book and play, being in fact a friar, a being of a very different description. EDIT.

Mr. Hollis.

Mr. Hollis is always publishing republican books; and yet professes great veneration for our constitution. I cannot reconcile this; our constitution being, in its leading parts, an oligarchy, the form perhaps, of all others, the most opposite to a republic.

Nota. Before the French revolution, Mr. Walpole was so warm a friend of freedom, that he was almost a republican. The change of his sentiments will be delineated in the close of these anecdotes.

Symptoms of Insanity.

My poor nephew Lord * * *, was deranged. The first symptom that appeared was, his sending a chaldron of coals as a present to the Prince of Wales, on learning that he was loaded with debts. He delighted in what he called *book-hunting*. This notable diversion consisted in taking a volume of a book, and hiding it in some secret part of the library, among volumes of similar binding and size. When he had forgot where the game lay, he hunted till he found it.

A Longing Woman.

Madame du Chatelet (Voltaire's Emilie) proving with child again, after a long interval, and king Stanislaus joking with her husband on it, he replied, "*Ah! Sire, elle en avoit si forte envie!*"—"Mon ami," said the old king, "*c'étoit une envie d'une femme grosse*.*"

A Pret-

* "Ah! Sire, she longed so much for it."—"My friend, it was the longing of a woman with child."

A Pretty Metaphor.

A young lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D. said prettily, "She has turned one and twenty shillings into a guinea."

Royal Favour.

A low Frenchman bragged that the king had spoken to him. Being asked what his majesty had said, he replied, "He bad me stand out of his way."

Madam du Barry.

A Great French lady, who was one of the first to visit Madam du Barry, after she was known to be the royal mistress, justifying herself to her niece on that account, said, "It is reported that the king gave an hundred thousand livres to countenance her; but it is not true,"—"No, madam," replied the niece nobly, "I dare say it is not true; for it would have been too little."

Proofs of Genealogy.

A lord of the court being presented for the first time, Louis XIV. said afterwards, that he did not know the late lord of that name had had a son, having been reckoned impotent. "Oh Sire!" said Roquelaure, "*ils ont été tous impuissans de pere en fils.*"

Voltaire and Addison.

A story is told of Voltaire and Addison at a tavern. I do not believe Voltaire was in England while Addison was alive.

Price of making a Park a Garden.

Queen Caroline spoke of shutting up St. James's Park, and converting it into a noble garden for the palace of that name. She asked my father* what it might probably cost; who replied, "only three CROWNS."

An Anecdote corrected.

Let me correct a story relating to the great duke of Marlborough. The duchess was pressing the duke to take a medicine, and with her usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth †, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my lord duke; for it must be of service, in one way or the other."

Double Pun.

A good pun is not amiss. Let me tell you one I met with in some book the other day. The Earl of Leicester, that unworthy favourite of Elizabeth, was forming a park about Cornbury, thinking to enclose it with posts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expence, a
D gentle-

* Erroneously given to Chesterfield.

† By mistake put Lord Somers.

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gentleman stood by, and told the earl that he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why?" said my lord. "Because," replied the gentleman, "if your Lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

Passionate Temper.

General Sutton, brother of Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate; Sir Robert Walpole the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert, while his *valet de chambre* was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me;—and then went on with the conversation. Presently, he said again, "John, you cut me"—and a third time—when Sutton starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the servant, swore a great oath, and said, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more I'll knock you down."

Quin.

Quin sometimes said things at once witty and wise. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I. "But by what laws," said his opponent, "was he put to death?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."

An innocent Ministry.

He used to apply a story to the then ministry. A master of a ship calls out, "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, Sir."—"What are you doing?"—"Nothing, Sir."—"Is Tom there?"

there?"—"Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?"—"Helping Will, Sir."

Lord Rofs.

The reprobate Lord Rofs, being on his death-bed, was desired by his chaplain to call on God. He replied, "I will if I go that way, but I don't believe I shall."

Ecclesiastic Squabble.

A vicar and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words, "I am the resurrection," when the vicar arrived, almost out of breath, and snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn, cried, "*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection,"—and then went on.

Nota. This, though copied from Mr. Walpole's own hand-writing, is suspected not to be very new. But even old jests, that such a man thought worthy of writing, or speaking, cannot be unworthy of a place in this lounging compilation; and they often gained by passing through his hands.

Weak Nerves.

A clergyman at Oxford, who was very nervous and absent, going to read prayers at St. Mary's, heard a show-man in the High-street, who had an exhibition of wild beasts, repeat often, "Walk in without loss of time. All alive!

alive, ho!" The sounds struck the absent man, and ran in his head so much, that when he began to read the service, and came to the words in the first verse, "and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," he cried out; with a louder voice, "shall save his soul alive! All alive! alive, ho!" to the astonishment of the congregation.

A Convert,

A Methodist in America, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called up one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday, after receiving the sacrament. "Aye, master," replied the savage, "but I wished it had been brandy."

An ignorant Communicant.

An ignorant soldier at Quebec, observing some of his comrades stay behind him at church, asked them, on their coming out, what was the reason? They told him jeeringly, that the parson had treated them with some wine. "No other liquor?" says the fellow. Seeing he swallowed the bait, they answered, that he might have what liquor he chose. Next Sunday he stayed to have his share; and when the clergyman offered him the wine, he put up his hand to his head, in token of salutation, and said modestly, "Please your reverence, I should prefer punch."

French

French Bull.

A married French lady, who had an intrigue, insisted on having her lover's portrait. He remonstrated on her absurdity, and said it would be proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

Court Politesse.

When Lord Townshend was secretary of state to George the First, some city dames came to visit his lady, with whom she was little acquainted. Meaning to be mighty civil, and return their visits, she asked one of them where she lived? The other replied, near Aldermanbury. "Oh," cried Lady Townshend, "I hope the Alderman is well?"

Hob and Nob.

Some words are locally perverted to bad senses. *Hob* and *Nob* must be of the number.

Lord * * * being in the country, and wishing to shew great regard to a rustic gentleman of some influence, he was invited to dine, along with a numerous and elegant company, and placed at my lady's right hand. The lady, in the midst of dinner, called for a glass of wine to drink with her new guest, and holding it towards him, as then the fashion, said, "Hob and Nob, Mr. * * *." The gentleman stared, and blushed up to the eyes. She thinking it was mere timidity, repeated the words, and the gentleman

gentleman looking if possible more confused, she coloured herself; when he, after much hesitation, whispered, "Madam, excuse me, but I never hob and nob except with my wife."

Duchess of Bolton.

The duchess dowager of Bolton, who was natural daughter to the duke of Monmouth, used to divert George the First, by affecting to make blunders. Once when she had been at the play of "*Love's Last Shift*," she called it, *La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*. Another time she pretended to come to court in a great fright, and the king asking the cause, she said she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her the world would be burnt in three years; and for her part she was determined to go to China.

The King of Bulls.

I will give you what I call the king of bulls. An Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman, who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a fine boy, and you changed me."

In this bull even personal identity is confounded!

Convenient Courage.

A certain earl having beaten Antony Henley, at Tunbridge, for some impertinence, the next day

day found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated Henley on that acquisition of spirit. "Oh, my lord," replied Henley, "your lordship and I know whom to beat."

Lord William Poulet.

Lord William Poulet, though often chairman of committees of the house of commons, was a great dunce, and could scarce read. Being to read a bill for naturalizing Jemima, duchess of Kent, he called her, Jeremiah, duchess of Kent.

Having heard South Walls commended for ripening fruit, he shewed all the four sides of his garden for south walls.

A gentleman writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him any *equivalent*. Lord William replied, that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an *elephant*.

A pamphlet, called "*The Snake in the Grass*," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Poulet, a gentleman, abused in it, sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began, "This is to scratify, that the buk called the Snak"—"Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

Letter written soon after Horace Walpole, by the death of his Nephew, had succeeded to the Title of Earl of Orford.

*Berkley-square, Dec. 26, 1791**

DEAR SIR,

As I am sure of the sincerity of your congratulations, I feel much obliged by them; though what has happened destroys my tranquillity; and if what the world reckons advantageous, could compensate the loss of peace and ease, would ill indemnify me, even by them. A small estate, loaded with debt, and of which I do not understand the management, and am too old to learn; a source of law-suits amongst my near relations, though not affecting me; endless conversations with lawyers; and packets of letters every day to read and answer: all this weight of business is too much for the rag of life that yet hangs about me; and was preceded by three weeks of anxiety about my unfortunate nephew; and a daily correspondence with physicians, and mad doctors, calling upon me when I had been out of order ever since July: such a mass of troubles made me very seriously ill for some days, and has left me, and still keeps me, so weak and dispirited, that if I shall not soon be able to get some repose, my poor head or body will not be able to resist. For the empty title, I trust you do not suppose it any thing but an incumbrance, by larding my busy mornings with idle visits of interruption, and which, when I am able to go out, I shall be forced to return. Surely no man of seventy-four,

four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I always do, and being called by a new name.

It will seem personal, and ungrateful too, to have said so much about my own *trist* situation, and not to have yet thanked you, Sir, for your kind and flattering offer of letting me read what you have finished of your history; but it was necessary to expose my condition to you, before I could venture to accept your proposal, when I am so utterly incapable of giving a quarter of an hour at a time to what, I know by my acquaintance with your works, will demand all my attention, if I wish to reap the pleasure they are formed to give me. It is most true that, for these seven weeks, I have not read seven pages, but letters, states of accounts, cases to be laid before lawyers, accounts of farms, &c. &c. and those subject to mortgages. Thus are my mornings occupied: in an evening my relations, and a very few friends, come to me; and when they are gone, I have about an hour, to midnight, to write answers to letters for the next day's post, which I had not time to do in the morning. This is actually my case now; I happened to be quitted at ten o'clock, and I would not lose the opportunity of thanking you, not knowing when I could command another hour.

I would by no means be understood to decline your obliging offer, Sir. On the contrary, I accept it joyfully, if you can trust me with your manuscript for a little time, should I have leisure to read it, but by small snatches, which would be wronging, and would break all con-

nexion in my head: Criticism you are * — —
 — — — and to read critically is far beyond my
 present power. Can a scrivener, or a scrivener's
 hearer, be a judge of composition, style, pro-
 found reasoning, and new lights, and discove-
 ries, &c. ? But my weary hand and breast must
 finish. May I ask the favour of your calling
 upon me any morning when you shall happen
 to come to town; you will find the new old
 lord exactly the same admirer of your's, and
 your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[It was a considerable time before he would
 sign *Orford*, or could even hear his style or title
 without hesitation.]

Hours of Composition.

I wrote the "*Castle of Otranto*" in eight
 days, or rather eight nights; for my general
 hours of composition are from ten o'clock at
 night till two in the morning, when I am sure
 not to be disturbed by visitants. While I am
 writing I take several cups of coffee.

Hume and Burnet.

I am no admirer of Hume. In conver-
 sation he was very *thick*; and I do believe hard-
 ly understood a subject till he had written
 upon it.

Burnet I like much. It is observable, that
 none of his facts have been controverted, ex-
 cept

* An overstrained compliment is omitted.

cept his relation of the birth of the Pretender, in which he was certainly mistaken—but his very credulity is a proof of his honesty. Burnet's style and manner are very interesting. It seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain honest terms, what he had seen and heard.

Authors and Artists.

I have always rather tried to escape the acquaintance, and conversation, of authors. An author talking of his own works, or censuring those of others, is to me a dose of hyecacuana. I like only a few, who can in company forget their authorship, and remember plain sense.

The conversation of artists is still worse. Vanity and envy are the main ingredients. One detests vanity because it shocks one's own vanity.

Had I listened to the censures of artists, there is not a good piece in my collection. One blames one part of a picture, another attacks another. Sir Joshua is one of the most candid; yet he blamed the stiff drapery of my Henry VII, in the state bed-chamber, as if good drapery could be expected in that age of painting.

Caution to young Authors.

Youth is prone to censure. A young man of genius expects to make a world for himself; as he gets older, he finds he must take it as it is.

It is imprudent in a young author to make
any.

any enemies whatever. He should not attack any living person. Pope was, perhaps, too refined and jesuitic a professor of authorship; and his arts to establish his reputation were infinite, and sometimes perhaps exceeded the bounds of severe integrity. But in this he is an example of prudence, that he wrote no satire till his fortune was made.

Public Virtue.

When I first thrust my nose into the world, I was apt loudly to blame any defection from what I esteemed public virtue, or patriotism. As I grew older, I found the times were more to blame than the men. We may censure places and pensions; while the placemen and the pensioners are often intitled to our esteem. One man has a numerous family to provide for, another is ruled by a vain wife, &c. &c. I think some temptations would have overcome even Brutus. But why talk of Brutus, while men not measures are the object?

George the First.

I do remember something of George the First. My father took me to St. James's while I was a very little boy; after waiting some time in an anti-room, a gentleman came in all dressed in brown, even his stockings; and with a ribbon and star. He took me up in his arms, kissed me, and chatted some time.

Likeness in Antique Portraits.

On looking at the bust of Marcus Antoninus, in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, Mr. Walpole observed that even the worst artists among the ancients always hit the character and likeness; which the best of ours seldom, or never, do.

This is a problem worthy of ample discussion, in a country fond of portraits. Had the ancients any particular mode, or machine; or was it the pure effect of superior genius?

Portraits.

I prefer portraits, really interesting, not only to landscape-painting, but to history. A landscape is, we will say, an exquisite distribution of wood and water, and buildings. It is excellent—we pass on, and it leaves not one trace in the memory. In historical painting there may be *sublime deception*—but it not only always falls short of the idea, but is always *false*; that is, has the greatest blemish incidental to history. It is commonly false in the *costume*; generally in the portraits; always in the *grouping* and attitudes, which the painter, if not present, cannot possibly delineate as they really were. Call it *fabulous-painting*, and I have no objection.—But a real portrait we know is truth itself: and it calls up so many collateral ideas, as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species.

Authors

Authors in Flower—Mysterious Mother.

At Strawberry Hill, 19th Sept. 1784, Mr. Walpole remarked that, at a certain time of their lives; men of genius seemed to be *in flower*. Gray was in flower three years, when he wrote his odes, &c. This starting the idea of the American aloe, some kinds of which are said to flower only once in a century, he observed, laughing, that had Gray lived a hundred years longer, perhaps he would have been in flower again. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams bore only one blossom; he was in flower only for one ode.

Next evening about eleven o'clock, Mr. Walpole gave me the *Mysterious Mother* to read, while he went to Mrs. Clive's for an hour or two. The date was remarkable, as the play hinges on an anniversary *twentieth of September*.

—but often as returns

The twentieth of September, &c.

This odd circumstance conspired with the complete solitude of the Gothic apartments, to lend an additional impression to the superstitious parts of that tragedy. In point of language, and the true expression of passion and feeling, the new and just delineation of monastic fraud, tyranny, and cruelty; it deserves the greatest praise. But it is surprising that a man of his taste and judgment should have added to the improbability of the tale, instead of mellowing it with softer shades. This might be cured by altering one page of the countess's confession in the last act.—The story, as told in Luther's
Table

Table Talk, seems more ancient than that in the Tales of the Queen of Navarre.

On Mr. Walpole's return, he said he had printed a few copies of this tragedy at Strawberry Hill, to give to his friends, Some of them falling into improper hands, two surreptitious editions were advertised. Mr. W. in consequence desired Doddsley to print an edition 1781, and even caused it to be advertised. But finding that the stolen impressions were of course dropped, he ordered his not to be issued, and none were ever sold.

Gray's Politics.

I never rightly understood Mr. Gray's political opinions. Sometimes he seemed to incline to the side of authority; sometimes to that of the people.

This is indeed natural to an ingenuous and candid mind. When a portion of the people shews gross vices, or idle sedition, arising from mere ignorance or prejudice; one wishes it checked by authority. When the governors pursue wicked plans, or weak measures, one wishes a spirited opposition by the people at large.

Dr. Robertson.

Dr. Robertson called on me t'other day. We talked of some political affairs; and he concluded his opinion with, "for you must know, sir, that I look upon myself as a moderate whig." My answer was, "Yes, doctor, I look on you as a *very* moderate whig."

British

British Empire.

We now talk of the British *empire*, and of Titus and Trajan, who were absolute emperors. In my time it was the British *monarchy*. What is this mighty empire over ten or twelve millions of people, and a few trading colonies? People shut up in an island have always pride enough—but this is too ridiculous even for flattery to invent, and the absolute power of a Roman emperor to swallow, along with an apotheosis.

Don Quixotte.

Don Quixotte is no favourite of mine. When a man is once so mad, as to mistake a wind-mill for a giant, what more is to be said, but an insipid repetition of mistakes, or an uncharacteristic deviation from them?

[This judgment was surely too harsh. It is the minute description of life and character, as they occur in Spain, that interests us in reading Don Quixotte, and make us pardon the extravagance of the chief character, and the insipidity of the pastoral scenes. The episodes are bad; except the tale of the Spanish captive and his Moorish mistress, which is wrought up with great truth and nature.]

Voltaire.

Soon after I had published my "Historic Doubts on the reign of Richard III." Voltaire happening to see and like the book, sent me

me a letter, mentioning how much the work answered his ideas concerning the uncertainty of history, as expressed in his *Histoire Générale*. He added many praises of my book; and concluded with entreating my *amitié*.

As I had, in the preface to the Castle of Otranto, ridiculed Voltaire's conduct towards Shakspeare, I thought it proper first to send Voltaire that book; and let him understand that, if after perusing it, he persisted in offering me his *amitié*, I had no objections, but should esteem myself honoured by the friendship of so great a man.

Some time after I received from my acquaintance the Duchefs of Choiseul, at Paris, a letter, inclosing one from Voltaire to her, wherein he said that I had sent him a book, in the preface to which he was loaded with reproaches, and all on account *de son Bouffon de Shakspeare**. He stated nothing of the real transaction, but only mentioned the sending of the Castle of Otranto, as if this had been the very first step.

New Idea of a Novel.

I am firmly convinced that a story might be written, of which *all* the incidents should appear supernatural, yet turn out natural.

[This remark was made in 1784.]

Coals to Newcastle.

The chief apprehension of the Duke of Newcastle, (the minister), was that of catching

* Of his buffoon Shakspeare.

ing cold. Often in the heat of summer the debates, in the House of Lords, would stand still, till some window were shut, in consequence of the Duke's orders. The Peers would all be melting in sweat, that the Duke might not catch cold.

When Sir Joseph Yorke was ambassador at the Hague, a curious instance happened of this idle apprehension. The late King going to Hanover, the Duke must go with him, that his foes might not injure him in his absence. The day they were to pass the sea, a messenger came, at five o'clock in the morning, and drew Sir Joseph's bed curtains. Sir Joseph starting, asked what was the matter. The man said he came from the Duke of Newcastle. "For God's sake," exclaimed Sir Joseph, "what is it? Is the King ill?" No. After several fruitless questions, the messenger at length said, "The Duke sent me to see you in bed, for in this bed he means to sleep."

Two Ministers.

Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bed-clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room; at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching

ing cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-cloths. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose, and black beard unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque of the scene.

Dr. Johnson.

I cannot imagine that Dr. Johnson's reputation will be very lasting. His dictionary is a surprising work for one man—but sufficient examples in foreign countries shew that the task is too much for one man, and that a society should alone pretend to publish a standard dictionary. In Johnson's dictionary, I can hardly find any thing I look for. It is full of words no where else to be found; and wants numerous words occurring in good authors. In writing it is useful; as if one be doubtful in the choice of a word, it displays the authorities for its usage.

His essays I detest. They are full of what I call *triptology*, or repeating the same thing thrice over, so that three papers to the same effect might be made out of any one paper in the Rambler. He must have had a bad heart—his story of the sacrilege in his voyage to the Western Islands of Scotland is a lamentable instance.

Phy-

Physiognomy.

Lavater, in his *Physiognomy*, says that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a very wise man. He was one of the most stupid men I ever knew.

Indolence.

When the Duke of Newcastle left the ministry, a whole closet of American dispatches was found unopened.

Milton.

If Milton had written in Italian he would have been, in my opinion, the most perfect poet in modern languages; for his own strength of thought would have condensed and hardened that speech to a proper degree.

Mary Queen of Scotland.

I cannot think that the letter from Mary Queen of Scotland to Elizabeth, about the amours of the latter, is genuine. I suppose it a forgery of Burleigh, to shew Elizabeth, if she had refused to condemn Mary.

It was the interest of Queen Elizabeth's ministers to put Mary to death, 1. as they had gone too far against her to hope for mercy; and, 2. to secure a protestant succession. The above letter was published by Haynes, among the Cecil Papers preserved at Hatfield House. His compilation is executed without judgment.

I have

I have read the apologies for *Mary*, but still must believe her guilty of her husband's death. So much of the advocate, so many suppositions, appear in these long apologies, that they show of themselves that plain truth can hardly be on that side. Suppose her guilty, and all is easy: there is no longer a labyrinth, and a clue:—all is in the highway of human affairs.

Bribery.

If you look into the last volumes of the *Memoires de Villars*, you will find minutes of the French council, whence it appears that Fleury was accused of taking money from England, at a time when it was alleged that my father was bribed by France. The origin of this mighty charge was, that Sir Robert Walpole had indorsed a bill of 500*l.* to a linen-draper in the Strand, with the sole view of serving that linen-draper.

Ministers of George the Second.

The ministers of George the Second were all whig. The opposition consisted of old whigs, such as Rushout, and others; of Jacobites, such as Sir William Wyndham, and Shippen.

Sir Robert Walpole said, "some are corrupt; but I will tell you of one who is not. Shippen is not." When Shippen came to take the oath of allegiance, Sir Robert Walpole was at the board. Shippen had a trick of holding his glove to his mouth, and did so when repeating the oath. Sir Robert pulled
down

down his hand. Shippen said, "Robin, that is not fair."

New whigs in the minority, because out of the ministry, were Pulteney, formerly joined in the administration with Sir Robert Walpole; Lyttelton, whose father was a true whig; and Pitt.

Extracts from Letters.

FARCE.

"Mr. O'Keefe has brought our audiences to bear with extravagance; and were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the limits of nonsense—but I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour. Even that favourite performance I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce."

Dramatic Characters.

"Your remark, that a piece full of marked characters would be void of nature, is most just. This is so strongly my opinion, that I thought it a great fault in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, though it has a thousand other beauties, that she has laboured far too much to make all her personages talk always in character. Whereas, in the present refined, or depraved, state of human nature, most people endeavour to conceal their real character, not to display it. A professional man, as a pedantic Fellow of a College,

or

or a Seaman, has a characteristic dialect; but that is very different from continually *letting out* his ruling passion."

Song-writing.

"I have no more talent for writing a song, than for writing an ode like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by Nature alone. Poor Shenstone was labouring through his whole life to write a perfect song—and, in my opinion at least, never succeeded—not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilia ode. I doubt not whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images (without which a song cannot be good); and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind; that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now. At least we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of Poetic Virgins write in the other extreme. They colour their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers.—But this is wandering from the subject: and while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill."

Poetic Epochs.

"I will yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favourable to poets—a rude age, when

when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled. The other is, when, after ages of barbarism and incorrection, a master or two produce models formed by purity and taste. Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had the abilities to rival their masters. Infirpidity ensues:—novelty is dangerous:—and bombast usurps the throne, which had been debased by a race of *Faineants*.”

Criticism.

“ It is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication—but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too: nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being; and too blind to the faults that reigned in his own youth; which having partaken of or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance.”

Dramatic Composition.

“ I confess too that there must be two distinct views in writers for the stage: one of which is more allowable to them than to other authors. The one is *durable fame*—the other, peculiar to dramatic authors, *The view of writing to the present taste* (and perhaps, as you say, to the level of the audience). I do not mean
for

for the sake of profit—but even high comedy must risk a little of its immortality by consulting the ruling taste. And thence a comedy always loses some of its beauties, the transient—and some of its intelligibility. Like its harsher sister, Satire, many of its allusions must vanish, as the objects it aims at correcting cease to be in vogue—and perhaps that cessation, the natural death of fashion, is often ascribed by an author to his own reproofs. Ladies would have left off patching on the whig or tory side of their face, though Mr. Addison had not written his excellent Spectator. Probably even they who might be corrected by his reprimand adopted some new distinction as ridiculous: not discovering that his satire was levelled at their partial animosity, and not at the mode of placing their patches—for, unfortunately, as the world cannot be cured of being foolish, a preacher who eradicates one folly, does but make room for some other.”

Tragedy and Comedy.

The critics generally consider a tragedy as the next effort of the mind to an epic poem. For my part, I estimate the difficulty of writing a good comedy to be greater than that of composing a good tragedy. Not only equal genius is required, but a comedy demands a more uncommon assemblage of qualities—knowledge of the world, wit, good sense, &c. and these qualities super-added to those requisite for tragical composition.

Congreve is said to have written a comedy at eighteen. It may be—for I cannot say that he has any characteristic of a comic writer, except wit, which may sparkle bright at that age. His characters are seldom *genuine*—and his plots are some-

sometimes fitter for tragedy. Mr. Sheridan is one of the most perfect comic writers I know, and unites the most uncommon qualities—his plots are sufficiently deep, without the clumsy intanglement, and muddy profundity, of Congreve—characters strictly in nature—wit without affectation. What talents! The complete orator in the senate, or in Westminster-hall—and the excellent dramatist in the most difficult province of the drama!

Omissions not always Lapses.

Lord **** did a shocking job, for which my father was blamed. There is a silly and false account of it, in the last edition of the Biographia, in a life of him by Bishop **** his son. I had forgotten Lord **** in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors; when this was observed to me I waited on Lord ****, his son, and begged a list of his father's works, apologizing at the same time for the omission. His lordship said, "Sir, I beg you will not mention my father." He was conscious that it was a delicate matter to mention him.

Impositions.

Acute and sensible people are often the most easily deceived. A deceit, of which it may be said, "It is impossible for any one to dare it," always succeeds.

Revolutions.

Good men are never concerned in revolutions, because they will not go the lengths. Sunderland caused the revolution of 1688, while Devonshire,

vonshire stood aloof—the latter was the angel, the former the storm. Bad men, and poisonous, plants, are sometimes of superlative use in skilful hands.

Applause the Nurse of Genius.

One quality I may safely arrogate to myself: I am not *afraid to praise*. Many are such timid judges of composition, that they hesitate, and wait for the public opinion. Shew them a manuscript, though they highly approve it in their hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause; a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some cavils of Mason (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced Gray to destroy his two beautiful and sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.

French Tragedy.

I have printed at Strawberry-Hill the *Cornelie Vestale*, a tragedy by the president Henault. It is rather a dramatic poem than a drama—like the other French tragedies. The word *drama* is derived, I believe, from a Greek word signifying *to act*. Now, in the French tragedies, there is little or no *action*; and they are, in truth, mere dramatic poems, composed wholly of conflicts of interests, passions, and sentiments; expressed, not in the language of nature, but in that of declamation. Hence these interests, passions, and sentiments, seem all overstrained, and *hors de la nature*.

I do not mean to deny just praise to Corneille and Racine—but their merit, like that of Metastasio's Operas, is of a peculiar kind. It is not *dramatic*, not pity and terror moved by incident and *action*—but an interest created by perplexity, mental conflict, and situation. An Italian, an Englishman, a German, expects something very different in a *drama*, real action, and frequent incident.

On Grace in Composition.

A LETTER.

June 26, 1785.

To *your* book, Sir, I am much obliged on many accounts, particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself whence you feel so much disregard for certain authors whose fame is established. You have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators—it was natural then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity? I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of those authors possessed *grace*—do not take me for a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing—but I do believe that it is a perfume that will preserve from putrefaction; and is distinct even from style, which regards *expression*; grace I think belongs to *manner*. It is from the charm of grace that I believe some authors

authors, not in your favour, obtained part of their renown. Virgil in particular—and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the *Æneid* [and when he did invent, it was often so foolishly]; so little good sense, so little variety, and so little power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt for his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better, if I was to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin. On the other hand, he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he enobles his images, especially in the *Georgics*, or at least it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture—but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age; and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil tossed about his dung with an air of majesty. A style may be excellent without grace—for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from, or constitutes, grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, and which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined

cret he excells all men that ever lived, but Shakespeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, even when his humour descended to characters that, in any other hands, would have been vulgarly low. Is it not clear that Will Whimble was a gentleman, though he always lived at a distance from good company? Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison? but having no idea of grace, is perpetual disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward when they should be at their ease.

The Grecians had grace in every thing, in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and probably in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit, that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's Odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner, and purity of his style; the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's Odes.

Waller, whom you prescribe, Sir, owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat: but a few of his small pieces are as graceful as possible: one might say, that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that if his Angels, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvedere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medici,

as

as his description of Eden has the colouring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas; and the Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus, might be denoted from the three Graces; as the Italians give singular titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets.

Cowley, I think, would have had grace (for his mind was graceful) if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit; which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry produces erroneous dignity; the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort, or prevent, grace. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure; his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element, His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression the swan leaves is that of grace—so does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those it dislikes.

If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by sense and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals) an upright magistrate whom you respect; but whose justice and severity leave an awe, that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile—but if a good translator deserve praise, Boileau deserves more: he certainly does not fall below his originals; and, considering at what period he wrote, has greater merit still. By his imitations he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his *Lutrin*, replete with excellent poetry, wit humour, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. In my eyes, the *Lutrin*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Rape of the Lock*, are standards of grace and elegance, not to be paralleled by antiquity; and eternal reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the *Pucelle* degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his *Henriade* leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors. The *Dunciad* is blemished by the offensive images of the games, but the poetry appears to me admirable; and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others. It has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever existed; and which surely a writer merely ingenious will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all the grace for which I contend, as distinct
from

from poetry, though united with the most beautiful; and the Rape of the Lock, besides the originality of great part of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing.

In general, I believe that what I call *grace*, is denominated elegance; but by grace I mean something higher. I will explain myself by instances; Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant.

Petrarch perhaps owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers, and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning, and want of variety. His complaints too may have added an interest, which, had his passion been successful, and had expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable. Melancholy in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy, because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

Madame de Sevigné shines both in grief and gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence; yet it is always expressed by new turns, new images; and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern, and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty: her allusions, her applications, are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance; and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and

when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian. Pray read her accounts of the death of Turenne and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons, as if you had lived at the time. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digression (not that I have written with any method), I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians; *si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*—but that I may not wander again, nor tire, nor contradict you any more, I will finish now; and shall be glad if you will dine at Strawberry-Hill next Sunday, and take a bed there; when I will tell you how many more parts of your book have pleased me, than have startled my opinions, or, perhaps, prejudices.

I am, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Be so good as to let me know, by a line by the post to Strawberry-Hill, whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday.

Anecdotes of the Streets.

There is a French book called *Anedotes des Rues de Paris*. I had begun a similar work, "Anecdotes of the Streets of London." I intended, in imitation of the French original, to have pointed out the streets and houses where any remarkable incident had happened. But I found the labour would be too great, in collect-
ing

ing materials from various resources: and I abandoned the design, after having written about ten or twelve pages.

Bons-Mots.

I have made a collection of the witty sayings of Charles II. I have also a collection of bons-mots, by people who only said one witty thing in the whole course of their lives.

Charles II. hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "Aye," observed the King, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."

Sir Robert Walpole.

George the First did not understand English. George the Second spoke the language pretty well, but with a broad German accent. My father "brushed up his old Latin," to use a phrase of Queen Elizabeth, in order to converse with the first Hanoverian sovereign: and ruled both kings in spite of even their mistresses.

George I.

I can tell you, from unquestionable authority, a remarkable fact generally suspected, but not accurately known. The count Koningsmark, who assassinated Mr. Thynne in Pall-mall, afterwards became an admirer of the wife of the
Elec-

Electoral Prince of Hanover, who was to succeed to the English throne by the style of George I. The prince was often absent in the army, and Koningsmark was suspected to have occupied his place. The Elector being enraged at the real or supposed insult, ordered Koningsmark to be strangled. When George II. made his first journey to Hanover, he ordered some repairs in the palace, and the body was found under the floor of the princess' dressing-room.

It is supposed the first cause of suspicion arose from Koningsmark's hat being found in the apartment of the princess. Dr. Hoadley, in his "Suspicious husband," introduces a similar incident while the lady remains immaculate. This pleased George the Second, who was convinced of his mother's innocence. It is whimsical that this prince often expressed his anger by throwing down his hat, and kicking it about the room.

George I. was, however, separated from his wife; and there was no queen in his reign. He had two mistresses. One was Miss Schulenberg, afterwards created Duchess of Kendal; a tall, thin gawky. The other was the Countess of Platen, who was created Countess of Darlington; and who, for size, might have been compared to an elephant and castle. This couple of rabbits occasioned much jocularities on their first importation.

Universities.

King William asked Mr. Locke how long he thought the revolution principles might last in England. The philosopher answered, "Till this
this

this generation shall have passed away, and our universities shall have had time to breed a new one." Many things I disapprove in our universities, where the country gentlemen are educated in toryism by tory clergy.

History.

Smollet's History of England was written in two years, and is very defective.

Thinking to amuse my father once, after his retirement from the ministry, I offered to read a book of history. "Any thing but history," said he, "for history must be false."

Style.

With regard to style, I think Addison far inferior to Dryden—and Swift is much more correct.

Every newspaper is now written in a good style. When I am consulted about style, I often say, "Go to the Chandler's shop for a style."

Our common conversation is now in a good style. When this is the case, by the natural progress of knowledge, writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style—hence elaborate stiffness, and quaint brilliance. Had the authors of the silver age of Rome written just as they conversed, their works would have vied with those of the golden age. What a prodigious labour an author often takes to destroy his own reputation! As in old prints with curious flowered borders, uncom-
mon

men industry is exerted——only to ruin the effect.

Fame.

Much of reputation depends on the period in which it arises. The Italians proverbially observe, that one *half* of fame depends on that cause. In dark periods, when talents appear, they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. The strong beam dazzles amid the surrounding gloom. Open the shutters, and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice.

Trifles.

Literature has many revolutions. If an author could arise from the dead, after a hundred years, what would be his surprise at the adventures of his own works! I often say, "Perhaps my books may be published in Paternoster-Row."

The name of *Horatio* I dislike. It is theatrical; and not English. I have, ever since I was a youth, written and subscribed *Horace*, an English name for an Englishman. In all my books (and perhaps you will think of the *numerous Horatius*) I so spell my name.

I always retain the *To* on my letters, and I think the omission an impropriety. The mere name is too naked, while the old addresses were too prolix. We do not now address an Earl as "Right Honourable;" the bare title is thought more than "right" honourable.

Bishop

Bishop Hoadley.

Bishop Hoadley was a true whig, he once preached a sermon on the anniversary of the Restoration, and printed it with this witty title, "The Restoration no Blessing without the Revolution." He used to express great contempt for the universities; and observed, as an instance of their great progress in learning, that the one had published Shakespear, and the other Hudibras*.

Secret Services.

I observe that Sir John Sinclair, in his book on the revenue, builds much on Bolingbroke's assertions, which, as proofs, amount to nothing.

Some have confidently asserted, that Sir Robert Walpole's large secret service money went to newspapers; while, in fact, it was necessary in order to fix this family on the throne. Lord Orrery, secretary to the Pretender, had a pension from Sir Robert Walpole of two thousand pounds a year. The lord, his successor, who wrote the life of Swift, took lord Orford aside in the House of Peers, and told him he had made strange discoveries in his father's papers. "Aye," said Lord Orford," but the less you speak of that, the better. You are an honest man, and that is enough."

* Hanmer's and Dr. Grey's.

Faction confuted by Facts.

It was not Lord Bath, but Lord Egmont, who wrote the famous pamphlet, "Faction confuted by Facts."

Princess Dowager of Wales.

The king had quarrelled with Bute before he came to the throne; it was his mother, the princess dowager, who forced her son to employ that nobleman. I am as much convinced of an amorous connexion between B. and the P. D. as if I had seen them together.

The P. D. was a woman of strong mind. When she was very ill she would order her carriage, and drive about the streets, to shew that she was alive. The K. and Q. used to go and see her every evening at eight o'Clock; but when she got worse they went at seven, pretending they mistook the hour. The night before her death they were with her from seven to nine. She kept up the conversation as usual, went to bed, and was found dead in the morning. She died of the evil, which quite consumed her.

Miscellaneous Antiquities.

Here is a list of curious articles, which I intended for other Numbers of my *Miscellaneous Antiquities*, if that publication had been encouraged.

1. Original Remonstrance from General Monk to King Charles II. concerning the Plan of Government he was to follow, 1660.

2. Co-

2. Co. Letter from Mr. William Neve to Sir Thomas Holland, touching the Death and Funeral of James I.

3. Co. Singular Letter from Sir John Stanhope, 17 April, 1597: a specimen of the court bribery of the times.

4. Co. Letter from the Duchess of Cleveland to King Charles II. from the original in Lord Berkshire's hands, Paris 1678.

5. Co. Nine Letters from the celebrated Earl of Rochester to his Countess.

6. Description of a curious MS. temp. H. VI.; with a French Poem addressed by the Earl of Shrewsbury to that king's queen.

7. (Printed Tract.) A Relation of Lord Nottingham's Embassy to Spain 1604, by Robert Trefwall, Somerset Herald, 1605, 4to.

8. Co. The Bee, a Poem, by the Earl of Essex, 1598.

9. A Letter of News from T. Cromwell, 1634.

10. Co. A singular Letter from a rich Heiress upon her Marriage.

11. (Printed Tract.) A Masque; in which Prince Charles acted, 1636.

12. Extracts concerning the Wardrobe of Edward II.

13. Co. of a long and curious Letter of Father Peter, Confessor of James II. to Father La Chaise, Confessor of Lewis XIV. on the State of Affairs in England, dated 1st March, 1687.

14. Original Letter of Oliver Cromwell to his Wife, after the Battle of Dunbar, 1650.

15. Co. Letter from Sir Edward Herbert, Father of Lord Herbert of Chisbury.

16. Co.

16. Co. Singular Letter from Sir Symonds d'Ewes, 1625.

17. Relation of the Duke of Buckingham's Entertainment in France 1671, and some Notes, &c. by Lord Clarendon.—A most remarkable account of the murder of Lady Leicester by her Lord.

18. Co. Letters from Queen Mary to Lady Ruffell, Widow of Lord Ruffell, from the Originals in the Possession of the Duke of Bedford.

19. Original Letter from Queen Catherine Par, the Year she died, 1548, to the Lord High Admiral Seymour, her Husband.

20. Letter from Lady Hastings to Cardinal Pole.

21. Original Letter from Lady Huntingdon to Cardinal Pole.

22. Another Original Letter to Cardinal Pole.

23. The Original Expence Book of the Marquis of Buckingham, the most magnificent Peer of his Time, 1622 and seq. as kept by his Treasurer. (From this large volume only extracts should be made)

Life of Mrs. Bellamy.

I have been reading a book called Mrs. Bellamy's Apology for her life. To my certain knowledge one half of it is false; and I therefore believe the whole is in the like predicament.

Junius.

Junius.

I was informed by Sir John Irwine, that one day, when he was at Mr. Grenville's, Mr. G. told Sir John, that he had that morning received a Letter from Junius, saying, that he esteemed Mr. G. and might soon make himself known to him. This affords me proof positive that the celebrated author of those letters could not be Mr. Grenville's secretary, as was reported*.

I really suspect Single-speech Hamilton to have been the author from the following circumstance. One day, at a house, where he happened to be, he repeated the contents of that day's Junius; while, in fact, the printer had delayed the publication till next day. Hamilton was also brought forward by Lord Holland; and it is remarkable, that Lord Holland, though very open to censure, is not once mentioned.

* Mr. Almon's recent discovery on this topic, in his usual inaccurate way of *ipse dixit*, without any reference or authority, may be the truth, but is certainly very improbable. A young Irishman, author of the Letters of Junius! This embryo Burke would infallibly have been produced in public life, as his talents deserved. The masculine maturity of the style indicates an experienced writer. The *tone* is that of a man conversant in public affairs. Why die in an obscure situation, in the East Indies, when a mere discovery of his own secret would have insured fame and fortune? *Incredulus odi.* The *whig* resembles the style of Junius—but how many successful imitations of his style have appeared! It is easy to ape any style—but to found a new style of singular force and dignity is a different matter!

Among mere conjectures, the following may have its place. The title is, "The Letters of Junius. *Stat nominis umbra.*" Junius is the *umbra*, the translation, of Young only. Nor can the motto refer to the *State*, then in an acme of splendour.

Garrick,

Garrick, dining with me, told me, that, having been at Woodfall's, he learned that the Junius of that day would be the last. Upon which, hurrying to St. James's, he reported this intelligence to several people. Next day he received a letter from Junius, informing him that, if he used such freedoms, a letter to him should appear. From this Garrick concluded that the author was about the court.

Bolingbroke and Marlborough.

Lord Bolingbroke discovered a foible of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he delighted in tying Miss Jennings's garters. When he repeated the story, he used to add, "What is known to women is known to the world."

Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots.

The false portraits of Mary Queen of Scots are infinite—but there are many genuine, as may be expected of a woman who was Queen of France, Dowager of France, Queen of Scotland. I have a drawing by Vertue, from a genuine portrait unengraved. That artist was a papist and a Jacobite, and idolised Mary. At Lord Carleton's desire, and being paid by him, Vertue engraved a pretended Mary, in that nobleman's possession, but loudly declared his disbelief. Yet has this portrait been copied in Freron's curious *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, Londres (Paris), 1742, 2 vols. 12 mo. and in many other works; while the genuine Mary by Vertue, with the skeleton and her age, has not been re-engraved.

The world is generally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense and a lie
 With greediness and gluttony.

So says Hudibras, I believe: for I quote from memory.

Mr. Townley's Hudibras.

Speaking of Hudibras, it was long esteemed an impossibility to give an adequate translation of that singular work, in any language; still more in French, the idiom of which is very remote from the conciseness of the original. To our astonishment, Mr. Townley, an English gentleman, has translated Hudibras into French, with the spirit and conciseness of the original.

Squirrels and Mice—Lord Pembroke.

Regularly after breakfast, in the summer season, at least, Mr. Walpole used to mix bread and milk in a large basin, and throw it out at the window of the sitting-room, for the squirrels; who, soon after, came down, from the high trees, to enjoy their allowance. This instance of tameness and confidence, led to one yet more remarkable, related by Mr. Walpole.

When I visited the old Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, he would always, before dinner, cut a slice of bread into small dice, and spread them on the chimney-piece of the dining-room. I was at first surprised at this ceremony, till I saw

saw a number of mice creep from invisible crevices, to partake the Earl's unusual hospitality.

That nobleman had several eccentricities. He one morning took it into his head to daub with colours the cheeks and eyes of his fine statues. Transported with the novelty of his creation, he ran in quest of the ladies, to shew them this surprising improvement. Meanwhile a waggish youth, his relation, had extended the colouring to some other parts. "Walk in, ladies, it is life itself," said the old earl. His surprize, and the confusion of the women, may be easily imagined.

Biographia.

I had happened to say that the *Biographia Britannica* was an apology for every body. This reached the ears of Dr. Kippis, who was publishing a new edition; and who retorted that the life of Sir Robert Walpole should prove that the *Biographia* was not an apology for every body. Soon after I was surprized with a visit from the Doctor, who came to solicit materials for my father's life. You may guess I very civilly refused.

Connoisseurs.

Dr. Ducarel was a poor creature. He was keeper of the library at Lambeth; and I wanted a copy of that limning there, which is prefixed to my Royal and Noble Authors. Applying to the Doctor, I found nothing but delays. I must purchase his works, and take some of his
antiques

antiques at an exorbitant price, &c. Completely disgusted, I applied to the Archbishop himself, who immediately permitted a drawing to be taken.

Sir **** is another poor creature of a connoisseur. He is, in truth, a mere dealer in antiquities, and some of them not the most genuine.

Fontenelle.

Fontenelle, in his old age, was very deaf, and was always attended in company by a nephew, a talkative, vain young man. When any thing remarkable had escaped Fontenelle's auditory nerve, he used to apply to his nephew, "What was said?" This coxcomb would often answer, "Uncle, I said—" *Bah!* was the constant retort of the philosopher.

Infidelity.

Fontenelle's Dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds, first rendered me an infidel. Christianity, and a plurality of worlds, are, in my opinion, irreconcilable. Indeed, one would be puzzled enough to reconcile modern discoveries on this globe alone, with any divine revelation. I never try to make converts; but expect and claim to enjoy my own opinion, and other people may enjoy theirs. It is my Bill of Rights. If a religious system be infallibly true, and inspired by heaven itself, what human effort can injure it? Intolerance is, *ipso facto*, a proof of falsehood. Truth, far from being too delicate to be touched, is strengthened by opposition

position and discussion. Yet in what country is a fair opposition to the established religion permitted? Are not fame, rewards, emoluments, wholly on the side of the priesthood? Ought they not to be open to all persuasions? One man gets an archbishopric, and ten thousand a year, for asserting a system *perhaps* false. He who could even mathematically, if possible, demonstrate its falsehood, would only run a risk of being burnt. Is this truth? Is this equality of discussion! O fye, gentlemen! first lay down your preferments, and then argue. Arguments from self-interest are of no avail with the wise. But as disinterestedness and poverty were the very foundations of your system, so self-interestedness and wealth will be its ruin.

Atheism I dislike. It is gloomy, uncomfortable; and, in my eye, unnatural and irrational. It certainly requires more credulity to believe that there is no God, than to believe that there is. This fair creation, those magnificent heavens, the fruit of matter and chance! O impossible!

I go to church sometimes, in order to induce my servants to go to church. I am no hypocrite. I do not go in order to persuade them to believe what I do not believe myself. A good moral sermon may instruct and benefit them. I only set them an example of listening, not of believing.

Methodism.

My neighbour, Mrs. ***, is a rank methodist. She torments all the parish. She wanted me to turn away an old servant, because he had two bastards. I pity her husband. A man, occupied

ped with India and China, to be plagued with a methodist wife! She wants to convert him. This China, indeed, is a bad dose. Hundreds of millions who have never heard of Christ and Judea, nor of Mahomet and Arabia! Even the *Salvator Mundi*, die to no purpose! To save the hundredth part of the hundredth part of a fraction of mankind! What an insult to the faith! We ought to have a crusade against those Chinese, and baptize them in their blood, by all means. The shocking infidels!

Armstrong's Works.

Dr. Armstrong's Poem on Health is very well. I was induced t'other day to glance at his own collection of his works in two small volumes. His pride is most disgusting. If you believe him, there was no judge of poetry in England—Except himself. An author should either know, or suppose, that there are in this enlightened country thousands of readers, who might perhaps write as well as himself, on any topic; but who, at any rate, may be superior judges, though they be too lazy to call their taste into active exertion. His prose is quaint and uninteresting; often puerile.—I only remember his objection to the phrase *subject matter*, which is just. His tragedy has no incidents, and the language is all in a flutter. His *Winter*, in imitation of Shakspeare, deserves to be better known.

Original Letter, on improvements of the English language, &c.*

Since I received your book, Sir, I scarce ceased from reading till I had finished it; so admirable I found it, and so full of good sense, brightly delivered. Nay, I am pleased with myself too, for having formed the same opinion with you on several points, in which we do not agree with the generality of men. On some topics I confess as frankly I do not concur with you; considering how many you have touched, it would be wonderful if we agreed on all, for I should not be sincere if I said I did. There are others on which I have formed no opinion, for I should give myself an impertinent air with no truth, if I pretended to have any knowledge of many subjects, of which, young as you are, you seem to have made yourself master. Indeed I have gone deeply into nothing, and therefore shall not discuss those heads on which we differ most, as probably I should not defend my opinions well. There is but one part of your work to which I will venture any objection, though you have considered it much, and I little—very little indeed with regard to your proposal, which to me is but two days old. I mean, your plan for the improvement of our language, which I allow has some defects, and which wants correction in several particulars. The specific amendment which you propose, and to which I object, is the addition of *a's* and *?s* to our terminations. To change *s* for *a* in the plural number of our sub-

* The book alluded to was written in early youth, and has many juvenile crude ideas, long since abandoned by its author.

Substantives and adjectives, would be so violent an alteration, that I believe neither the power of Power, nor the power of Genius, would be able to effect it. In most cases I am convinced that very strong innovations are more likely to make impression than small and almost imperceptible differences, as in Religion, Medicine, Politics, &c. but I do not think that Language can be treated in the same manner, especially in a refined age. When a nation first emerges from barbarism, two or three masterly writers may operate wonders; and the fewer the number of writers, as the number is small at such a period, the more absolute is their authority. But when a country has been polishing itself for two or three centuries, and when consequently authors are innumerable, the most supereminent genius (or whoever is esteemed so, though without foundation), possesses very limited empire, and is far from meeting implicit obedience. Every petty writer will contest very novel institutions; every inch of change in any language will be disputed: and the language will remain as it was, longer than the tribunal, which should dictate very heterogeneous alterations.

With regard to adding *a* or *o* to nasal consonants, consider, Sir, should the usage be adopted, what havoc would it make? All our poetry would be defective in metre, or would become at once as obsolete as Chaucer; and could we promise ourselves, that we should acquire better harmony, and more rhimes, we should have a new crop of poets to replace Milton, Dryden, Gray, and I am sorry you will not allow me to add, Pope. You might enjoin our prose to be reformed, as you have done by the

Spectator in your *****, but try Dryden's Ode by your new institution.

I beg your pardon for these trivial observations. I assure you I could write a letter ten times as long, if I were to specify all I like in your work. I more than like most of it; and I am charmed with your glorious love of liberty, and your other humane and noble sentiments.

* * * * *

It is as great as uncommon, and gives me as good an opinion of your heart, Sir, as your book does of your great sense. *Both* assure me that you will not take ill the liberty I have used in expressing my doubts on your plan for amending our language, or for any I may use in dissenting from a few other sentiments in your work; as I shall in what I think your too low opinion of some of the French writers, of your preferring Lady Mary Wortley to Madame Sevigné; and of your esteeming Mr. Hume a man of a deeper and more solid understanding than Mr. Gray. In the two last articles it is impossible to think more differently than we do. In Lady Mary's letters, which I never could read but once, I discovered no merit of any sort; yet I have seen others by her (unpublished) that have a good deal of wit; and for Mr. Hume give me leave to say, that I think your opinion *that he might have ruled a state*, ought to be qualified a little, as in the very next page you say—*his History is a mere apology for prerogative, and a very weak one*. If he could have ruled a state, one must presume at best that he would have been an able tyrant—and yet I should suspect that a man who sitting coolly in his chamber could

could forge but a weak apology for prerogative, would not have exercised it very wisely. I knew personally, and well, both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gray; and thought there was no degree of comparison between their understandings—and, in fact, Mr. Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that I frequently said he understood nothing till he had written upon it. What you say, Sir, of the discord in his history from his love of prerogative, and hatred of churchmen, flatters me much, as I have taken notice of that very unnatural discord in a piece I printed some years ago, but did not publish, and which I will shew to you when I have the pleasure of seeing you here: a satisfaction I shall be glad to taste whenever you will let me know you are at leisure after the beginning of next week. I am, Sir, with great respect and esteem, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Strawberry-Hill, June 22, 1785.

Lord Chesterfield.

The reason why Lord Chesterfield could not succeed at court was this. After he returned from his embassy at the Hague, he chanced to engage in play at court one night, and won 1500*l.* Not choosing to carry such a sum home, at so late an hour, he went to the apartment of the Countess of Suffolk, the royal mistress, and left the money with her. The Queen's apartments had a window which looked into the staircase leading to those of the Countess, and she

was informed of the transaction. She ruled all, and positively objected to Chesterfield even being named.

Countess of Suffolk.

This Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard; and they were so poor, that they took a resolution of going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty, that, having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion; and her hair, being fine, long, and fair, produced twenty pounds.

Sir Robert Walpole never paid any court to Lady Suffolk; a circumstance which greatly recommended him to Queen Caroline. Upon Mr. Howard's becoming Earl of Suffolk, by his brother's death, he wished to rescue his wife, but dared not attempt it in the verge of the court. Once he formed the plan to carry her off, as she went to Hampton-court palace, but the Duke of Argyle, and his brother, Lord Ilay, carried her out in a post-chaise, at eight o'clock in the morning.

The tory party wishing to try if Lady Suffolk had any interest, prevailed on her to request that Lord Bathurst should be made an earl. It was refused, and the party lost all hopes.

Miss Ballenden.

The Prince, afterwards George II. was desperately in love with Miss Ballenden, who hated him.

him. Mrs. Howard went between them, but not succeeding, the Prince was forced to content himself with the mediatrix, who was not pretty, but very agreeable.

Miss Ballenden was exquisitely beautiful, and as great an ornament to the court of George I. as her countrywoman, Miss Stuart, had been to that of Charles II. She was the daughter of Lord Ballenden, and married Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

After her marriage, her former royal lover, piqued by her disdain, seldom failed to step up to her at court, and say such cruel things that she would colour, and be most uneasy. Ungenerous; certainly, as he ought rather to have applauded her virtue. Henry IV. of France, you know, praised the lady who answered him, that the only path to her chamber lay through the church.

Sir Robert Walpole.

On the death of George I. my father killed two horses, in carrying the tidings to his successor: and, kneeling down, asked who should compose his Majesty's speech? The King told him to go to Sir Spencer Compton. That gentleman, unused to public business, was forced to send to Sir Robert, to request his assistance in the composition. The Queen, upon this, asked the King if it were not better to employ his father's minister, who could manage his business without the help of another? My father was instantly reappointed.

Somebody had told the Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline, that Sir Robert Walpole had called.

called her a fat bitch. It was not true. But upon settling her jointure by parliament, when she was Princess of Wales, and 50,000l. being proposed, Sir Robert, moved and obtained 100,000l. The Princess, in great good-humour, sent him word that the fat bitch had forgiven him.

Frederick Prince of Wales.

It seems fatal to the House of Brunswick to display a constant succession of quarrels between father and son. George II. had quarrelled with his father. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was a worthless son. The cant of liberty, assumed by his partisans, was truly ludicrous, as much so as the Prince's pretended taste for poetry and the arts. I recollect none of his ancestors eminent in arms: and that any of the family should have a real taste for letters, or the arts, would be little short of a miracle.

Corruption.

In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind, but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them. Several worthy men, whom I know, fall into such unexpected situations, that to me, who know these situations, their conduct is matter of compassion, and not of blame.

Sir Robert Walpole used to say, that it was fortunate so few men could be prime ministers, as it was best that few should thoroughly

roughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind.

I never heard him say, that all men have their prices; and I believe no such expression ever came from his mouth.

Maxim of Government.

Sir Robert's grand maxim of government was *Quieta ne movete*: a maxim quite opposite to those of our days.

Walpole and Mason.

I shall tell you a great secret, the cause of my late difference with Mr. Mason [1785]-Lord H. Mason, and I, used often to meet together, as we cordially agreed in our sentiments of the public measures pursued during this reign. But when the India bill of Fox came to be agitated, Mason took a decided part against it; nay, wrote to me that, upon this occasion, every one ought to assist the King; and warmly recommended it to me to use my influence in that cause.

You may imagine I was a little surpris'd at this new style of my old friend, and the impertinence of giving his advice unasked. I returned a light, ironical answer. As Mason had, in a sermon preached before the Archbishop of York, publicly declared that he would not accept of a bishopric, if offered to him, I jeeringly told him that I supposed his antipathy to a bishopric had subsided. He being also the first promoter of the York associations (which I never approved). I added that I supposed he intended;

to use that fool W*** as a tool of popularity. For W*** is so stupid that he cannot even write English; and the first York association paper, which is written by W***, is neither sense nor grammar.

To return to Lord H. He was so obnoxious to the court that, when his mother lately died, the Queen did not send a message to his Countess, to say that she would call on her; though this be always done in etiquette to a countess, and as constantly refused. In consequence Lord and Lady H. never went near the court: But when Fox's India bill came to the House of Lords, Lord H. probably by Mason's suggestions, remained to the very last of the question, and much distinguished himself against it. The consequence was, that, a few days after, Lord H. called on me, to say that the King had sent him a message, requesting his acceptance of the embassy to Spain: and he concluded with begging my advice on the occasion. I told him at once that, since the King had sent such a message, I thought it was in fact begging pardon: "and my Lord, I think you must go to court, and return thanks for the offer, *as you do not accept it.*" But lo and behold! in a day or two Lady H. was made lady of the bedchamber to the Queen; and Lord H. was constantly dangling in the drawing-room.

Soon after Mason, in another letter, asked me what I thought of Lord H.'s becoming such a courtier, &c. I was really shocked to see a man, who had professed so much, treat such a matter so lightly; and returned a pretty severe answer. Among other matters, I said ironically, that, since Lord H. had given his cap-and-dagger

being ring to little matter, he (Mason) need no longer wonder at my love for my bust of Caligula. For Lord H. used formerly always to wear a four-ring, with the cap of liberty between two daggers, when he went to court: but he gave it to a little boy upon his change. And I, though a warm friend of republicanism*, have a small bust of Caligula in bronze, much admired for its fine workmanship.

The consequence of these differences has been, that we call on each other, but are on the oldest terms.

I ought to have mentioned that Mr. Mason, in his latter epistle to me, condoled with me on the death of my brother, by which I lost 1400l. a year. In my answer I told him there was no room for condolence in the affair, my brother having attained the age of seventy-seven; and I myself being an old man of sixty-eight; so that it was time for the old child to give over buying of baubles. I added, that Mr. Mason well knew that the place had been twice offered to me for my own life, but I had refused; and left it on the old footing of my brother's.

Mason too has turned a kind of a courtier, though he was formerly so noted, that, being one of the King's chaplains; and it being his turn to preach before the royal family, the Queen ordered another to perform the office. But when this substitute began to read prayers, Mason also began the same service. He did not say whether he proceeded; but this I had from his own mouth; and as it happened in the chapel

* Such were Mr. Walpole's precise words in 1781.—*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*

pel at St. James's, it is surprising the town did not know it. Mason in consequence resigned the chaplainship.

Mason has six or eight hundred a year, arising from a living to which he was presented by the Earl of Holderness, and from his York prebend. In my last letter to him, I asked if supernumerary church-offices were not among the articles of Mr. Pitt's reform? I do think that Mason changed his sentiments from a silly hope of seeing his favourite scheme, of parliamentary reform, prosper in Mr. Pitt's hands, but which that giddy boy afterwards so notoriously juggled. I nevertheless must regard the change as flat apostasy, for Pitt was then acting in formal opposition to the constitution of his country, being the only minister who ever withstood the House of Commons.

Fox's India Bill.

In my opinion Mr Fox's India bill was not only innocent, but salutary. In a conversation with Fox, I observed that all the arguments brought against that bill, of its forming a new power in the constitution, &c. had been formerly urged, as appears from Burnet, against the constituting of a board of trade in William's reign: a measure which was, however, carried into effect, and has not been attended with one bad consequence.

The following I heard with my own ears at a nobleman's table: After dinner I happened to outstay all the company, except two French gentlemen. One of them asked his lordship if he knew Mr. Fox? The nobleman answered—

“ A little,

"A little, as people in the world know each other." The French gentleman then said, that he was just setting out for France, so had not time to see Mr. Fox; but he begged his lordship to tell him, that it was the universal opinion in France, of the best judges of the subject, that this bill presented the only plan which could secure India to England; and that its consequences were so apparent, that in France they were generally dreaded.

The present views of the French [1785] are evidently to divest us of India, as they have done of America. Our fleet must of course decline; and in that case France hopes to dictate to us on all occasions, though the jealousy of other powers may prevent its conquest of this country. Naval power is, in all events, the most uncertain and precarious of any, as all history conspires to evidence. Ireland, by the infamous juggling of the "Propositions," has lost all confidence in this country. Were our shipping and commerce to decline, all is lost, for our debts swallow our revenue.

Gray.

Gray was a deist, but a violent enemy of atheists, such as he took Voltaire and Hume to be; but, in my opinion, erroneously.

The quarrel between Gray and me arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraints of the university, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c. while I was for perpetual balls and plays. The fault was mine.

Gray

Gray was a little man, of very ungainly appearance.

Contradiction.

The present * * does not keep the 30th of January, though the last did. A strange contradiction, when all is considered. But his only aim seems to be that of opposition to his grandfather, who d—d his mother for a b—h, when he heard that she had the evil.

A Modern Whig.

Lord B. a whig! His celebrated brother is indeed a warm one. But, hark in your ear, Lord B. under the mask of whiggery, is the King's correspondent for Scotch affairs! *Divide et impera* is the favourite maxim: all family and party distinctions are confounded.

Lord B. is, however, a mere changeling. I am plagued with his correspondence, which is full of stuff. I say nothing of his fawning letter to Pitt; alleging his friendship with his father, and soliciting a place. Heaven defend us from such whigs! Yet he writes to me as if I did not know him.

Whigs and Tories.

We must thank the whigs for all the prosperity of our country. The tories have only thrown us into disagreeable *crisis*. It is risible to hear the latter boast of the public happiness, which is wholly the work of their antagonists. They are so absurd as to regret the national freedom,

dom, the sole source of the wealth on which they fatten. *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes*! Had the Tories succeeded at the revolution, or accession, this fair country would have been another Spain; the desolate abode of nobles and priests. What has rendered it the wonder and envy of Europe? Freedom. One would wonder that any man should conspire against the general felicity—but this insatiation arises from the *esprit du corps*, which can even produce mental blindness—can instigate its unhappy devotee to destroy the hen that lays the golden eggs.

William III.

William III. is now termed a scoundrel, but was not James II. a fool? The character of William is generally considered on too small a scale. To estimate it properly, we must remember that Louis XIV. had formed a vast scheme of conquest, which would have overthrown the liberties of all Europe, have subjected even us to the caprice of French priests and French harlots. The extirpation of the protestant religion, the abolition of all civil privileges, would have been the infallible consequence. I speak of this scheme not as a partisan, but from the most extensive reading and information on the topic. I say that William III. was the first, if not sole cause of the complete ruin of this plan of tyranny. The English revolution was but a secondary object, the throne a mere step towards the altar of European liberty. William had recourse to all parties merely to serve this great end, for which he often exposed.

posed his own life in the field, and was devoured by constant cares in the cabinet.

Republics.

Though I admire republican principles in theory, yet I am afraid the practice may be too perfect for human nature. We tried a republic last century, and it failed. Let our enemies try next. I hate political experiments.

Commentaries of Agrippina.

Tacitus mentions the Commentaries of Agrippina, mother of Nero. I wish we had more extracts from a work by so singular an author. I should suppose it was decent, and attempted to palliate her crimes. Yet I should like to have a copy, bound up with Arian's life of Tilliborus the robber, quoted, if I remember right, by Lucian.

Credit;

I have no credit any where. How should I? .. I have never stooped to the means of acquiring it.

Cowley's Mistresses.

Cowley's catalogue of mistresses seems to be founded on a poem in the *Authologia Italorum*. [p. 104.]

Jest-Book by Tacitus.

Tacitus is said to have made a collection of jests. I doubt not but they were acute ones.

Dissenting Portraits.

What special vanity can overwhelm us with so many portraits of dissenting teachers? I must close my collection. I am sick of such trumpery. They remind me of a visionary who flourished in the last century. He was at the expence of having a plate engraved, in which he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus; do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, crowned poet of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the university of Wittenburg, yes, I love you."

Contemporary Judgments.

Contemporaries are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame. Burnet, you know, speaks of "one Prior;" and Whitlocke of "one Milton, a blind man." Burnet and Whitlocke were men of reputation themselves. But what say you of Heath, the obscure chronicler of the civil wars? He says "one Milton, since stricken with blindness," wrote against Salmasius; and composed "an impudent and blasphemous book, called "Iconoclastes."

Family

Family of Courtenay.

Gibbon's account of the Courtenay family is in his usual masterly style. Look into *Misson's Travels* for a curious epitaph on the last lord, who died at Padua. I need not remind you, that he was honoured in the affections of Mary and Elizabeth.

Anglia quem genuit, fueratque habitata Patronum,
 Cortoneum cellis hæc continet arca Ducem,
 Credita causa necis Regni affectata cupidæ,
 Reginæ optatum tunc quoque consubium.
 Cui regni Proceres non consensere, Philippo
 Reginam Regi jungere posse rati.
 Europam unde fuit juveni peragrarè necesse,
 Ex quo mors misero contigit ante diem.
 Anglia si plorat defuncto Principe tanto,
 Nil mirum, domino deficit illa pio.
 Sed jam Cortoneus cælo fruitorque beatis,
 Cum doleant Angli, cum sine fine gemant.
 Cortonei probitas igitur, præstantia, nomen,
 Dum stabit hoc templum, vivida semper erunt.
 Angliaque hinc etiam stabit, stabuntque Britanni,
 Conjugii optati fama perennis erit,
 Improba Naturæ legis Libitina rescindens,
 Ex reatu juvenes præcipitatque senes*.

* Thus translated:—"This high chest contains the Duke of Courtenay, born in England, of which country he had a prospect of becoming the master. The supposed cause of his death was his ambition to seize the throne, by marrying the queen; but the peers would not consent, preferring Philip's royal husband. Hence it became necessary for the youth to travel through Europe; and in consequence he perished by a premature death. It is not surprising that England should lament this fate of such a prince, and droop as for the death of her pious lord. But Courtenay now enjoys the happy society of Heaven, while the English lament and groan without end," &c.

Epistle to Chambers.

The Compiler having learned that the celebrated epistle to Sir William Chambers was supposed to be written by Mason, very innocently expressed to Mr. Walpole his surprise that Mason, the general characteristic of whose poesy is feeble delicacy, but united with a pleasing neatness, should be capable of composing so spirited a satire. Mr. Walpole, with an arch and peculiar smile, answered, that it would be indeed surprising. An instantaneous and unaccountable impression arose that he was himself the author—but delicacy prevented the direct question. The compiler has since heard a suspicion to the same effect, expressed by competent judges. There is, at any rate, reason to believe that Mr. Walpole had a share in that composition.

Opium.

I am surprised at the aversion our medical men entertain against opium. I have had a severe attack of the gout, and could not sleep. I consulted my physician: he advised me not to use opium. As soon as he was gone I sent for some. I took it *, have slept well, and am almost recovered.

Original Letter.

Strawberry-Hill, July 27, 1785.

You thank me much more than the gift deserved, Sir. My editions of such pieces as I have

* Five grains, if memory may be trusted.

have left, are waste paper to me. I will not sell them at the ridiculously advanced prices that are given for them; indeed only such as were published for sale, have I sold at all; and therefore the duplicates that remain with me, are to me of no value, but when I can oblige a friend with them. Of a few of my impressions I have no copy but my own set; and as I could give you only an imperfect collection, the present was really only a parcel of fragments. My memory was in fault about the R and N. Authors: I thought I had given them to you; I recollect now that I only lent you my own copy; but I have others in town, and you shall have them when I go thither. For Vertue's MS. I am in no manner of haste.

* * * * *

My chief reason for calling on you twice this week was to learn what you had heard; and I shall be much obliged to you for further information, as I do not care to be too inquisitive, lest I should be suspected of knowing more of the matter.

There are many reasons, Sir, why I cannot come into your idea of printing Greek*. In the first place, I have two or three engagements for my press; and my time of life does not allow me but to look a little way farther. In the next, I cannot now go into new expences of purchase. My fortune is very much reduced, both by my brother's death, and by the late plan of reformation. The last reason would weigh with me, had I none of the other. My admiration

* An edition of Anacreon had been recommended as a mere literary curiosity.

admiration of the Greeks was a little like that of the mob on other points, not from sound knowledge. I never was a good Greek scholar; have long forgotten what I knew of the language; and as I never disguise my ignorance of any thing, it would look like affectation to print Greek authors. I could not bear to print them without owning that I do not understand them; and such a confession would perhaps be as much ostentation as unfounded pretensions. I must therefore stick to my simplicity; and not go out of my line. It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-love. If one runs from one glaring vanity, one is caught by its opposite. Modesty can be as vain-glorious on the ground, as Pride on a triumphal car. Modesty, however, is preferable; for should she contradict her professions, she still keeps her own secret, and does not hurt the pride of others. Adieu, Sir. I am, very sincerely,

Your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Gibbon.

The first volume of Gibbon's History is so highly finished, that it resembles a rich piece of painting in enamel. The second and third volumes are of inferior composition. The three last seem to me in a medium, between the first volume and the two next.

Stupid

Stupid Stories.

A stupid story, or idea, will sometimes make one laugh more than wit. I was once removing from Berkeley-square to Strawberry-hill, and had sent off all my books, when a message unexpectedly arrived, which fixed me in town for that afternoon. What to do? I desired my man to rummage for a book, and he brought me an old Grub-street thing from the garret. The author, in sheer ignorance, not humour, discoursing of the difficulty of some pursuit, said, that even if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many lives as one Plutarch is said to have had, he could not accomplish it. This odd *quid pro quo* surpris'd me into vehement laughter.

Lady *** is fond of stupid stories. She repeats one of a Welch scullion weuch, who, on hearing the servants speak of new moons, asked gravely what became of all the old moons.

Miss ***, with a sweet face, and innocent mouth, sings *flash-songs*. The contrast is irresistible.

Walpole no Author.

I do not look upon myself as an author. I may say, without the vain affectation of modesty, that I have done nothing. My Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, almost any book-seller could have drawn up. My chief compilation, the Anecdotes of painting in England, is Mr. Vertue's work, not mine.

Vertue's

Vertue's manuscripts were in great confusion. I drew up an index, and lost it. Another suffered the same fate. I thought I was bewitched; and even trembled for the third.

Fox.

What a man Fox is! After his long and exhausting speech on Hasting's trial, he was seen handing ladies into their coaches, with all the gaiety and prattle of an idle gallant.

Book-Making.

Never was the noble art of book-making carried to such high perfection, as at present. These compilers seem to forget that people have libraries. One vamps up a new book of travels, consisting merely of disguised extracts from former publications. Another fills his pages with Greek and Latin extracts from Aristotle and Quintilian. A third, if possible, more insipid, gives us long quotations from our poets, while a reference was enough, the books being in the hands of every body. Another treats us with old French *and* in masquerade; and, by a singular fate, derives advantage from his very blunders, which makes the things look new. Pah! I, and an amanuensis, could scribble one of those books in twenty-four hours.

French Philosophers

I admire Voltaire and Helvetius. Rousseau I never could like. Take much affectation, and a little spice of frenzy, and you compose his personal

personal character. I found the French philosophers so impudent, dogmatic, and intrusive, that I detested their conversation. Of all kinds of vice I hate reasoning vice. Unprincipled themselves, they affected to dictate morality and sentiment. The great, from vain glory and want of ideas, encouraged their presence: but they always reminded me of the sophists, hired to assist at Roman entertainments. And what reasoning! Every Frenchman ought to be taught logic and mathematics, that his mind may acquire some solidity. Their character is so impetuous, that what with us is sensation, is with them passion. The real philosophers of antiquity were distinguished for their moderation, a radical mark of knowledge and wisdom; and they treated the popular religion with respect. Our new sect are fanatics against religion: and surely of all human characters a fanatic philosopher is the most incongruous, and of course the most truly ludicrous.

Face-Painting.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent: she went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

Voltaire and Rolt.

Voltaire sometimes fell into strange mistakes. One Rolt, an obscure author, having published a history

a history of the war of 1741, a subject also treated by the French philosopher, Voltaire wrote to him the most fawning letters, styling him the first historian of the age!

Mother of Vices.

The Duke of Orleans, the Regent, had four daughters, distinguished by the names of the Four Cardinal Sins. A wag wrote on their mother's tomb, *Cy gist l'Oisiveté*, "Here lies Idleness," which, you know, is termed the mother of all the vices.

Innocent XI.

The Pope, to whom James II. sent his embassy, was possessed of much shrewdness and prudence; and justly regarded the restoration of the Catholic system in England as an impossibility. Castlemain, the ambassador, was inflated with his master's infatuation, and had long requested a special audience, in order to propose decisive steps. Disgusted with the Pontiff's coolness, he at last demanded an audience of leave; and being speedily admitted, he pronounced a long harangue, rather reproaching the Pope for his indifference in so important a business. The Pope having heard him with great *sang froid*, at last answered, "Sir, the air of Italy is rather dangerous to foreign constitutions. I beg you will have a reverend care of your health, and I wish you a good journey."

It was said on this occasion that only two things were necessary to secure the tranquillity

of Europe; that the King of England should turn Protestant, and the Pope, Roman Catholic.

Patronage.

Patronage of authors is an antiquated fashion, and at present means nothing. It is still repeated by rote among a few young or ignorant writers, as an echo dies away by degrees into an unmeaning sound. The public favour is deemed a sufficient recompence: but after the cases you have mentioned I think differently. Nothing, for instance, can be more unjust than that an author, who has professedly written for the general taste, and has in consequence derived great emoluments from his works, should have a pension; while another, who has confined his toil to mathematics, or other abstruse pursuits, confessedly useful and highly meritorious, but not adapted to much sale, goes wholly unrewarded. This case evinces that a pension is a mere piece of vain-glory in the government, which desires to have it recorded that such and such an eminent writer was pensioned. In France things are very different. Voltaire has no pension; but many a plodding useful man has. In our national literary societies the members pay an annual sum: in France they receive an annual sum.

In all things we have the mercantile spirit of monopoly. A few fashionable writers monopolise the public favour: and merit is nothing if not introduced to notice by the fashionable cabal. Merit is useless: it is interest alone that can push a man forward. By dint of interest one of my
coach-

coach-horses might become poet laureat, and the other, physician to the household. They might easily appoint deputies, as was done in the regency business.

Mathematics.

The profound study of mathematics seems to injure the more general and useful mode of reasoning, that by induction. Mathematical truths being, so to speak, *palpable*, the moral feelings become less sensitive to *impalpable* truths. As when one sense is carried to great perfection, the others are usually less acute; so mathematical reasoning seems, in some degree, to injure the other modes of ratiocination. Napier (who was not a lord, as I am admonished, since I published my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors) wrote nonsense on the Revelations. So did Newton on the same book, and the prophecies of Daniel. Now Dr. South, you know, used to say, that the Revelations either found a man mad, or left him so. I say nothing of Newton's Chronology. He builds, I believe, upon one Chiron, without proving that Chiron, or the Argonauts, ever existed. Mythology is too profound for me. I know not if Chiron were man, or horse, or both. I only know he is no acquaintance of mine.

Sacerdos.

Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury, was, I am told, the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line,

Bifrons, atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos.

It runs thus :

Bifrons ever when he preaches ;
Custos of what in his reach is.
Bos among his neighbour's wives ;
Fur in gathering of his tithes.
Sus at every parish-feast ;
 On Sunday, *Sacerdos*, a priest.

Architectural Solecism.

A solecism may be committed even in architecture. The ruin in Kew Gardens is built with Act-of-Parliament brick*.

French Character.

I visit Paris often, and have considerably studied the French character. In individuals it is often excellent ; but taken in general it disgusts by its petulance and vanity. The French have always been dissolute in their amours ; and are thus led to assail the chastity of foreign women, the most unpardonable of all affronts to fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers. This, and their petulant overbearing conduct, prevent their conquests from being lasting. Yes, I swear to you by the Sicilian vespers, they can never be of much duration.

Cellini's Bell.

One of the pieces in my collection which I the most highly value, is the silver bell with which

* An act passed, forty or fifty years ago, to fix the precise length, breadth, and thickness, of each brick. The old Roman bricks, &c. &c. are of a very different form.

which the Popes used to curse the caterpillars; a ceremony I believe now abandoned. Lahontan, in his travels, mentions a like absurd custom in Canada, the solemn excommunication, by the Bishop, of the turtle-doves, which greatly injured the plantations.

For this bell I exchanged with the Marquis of Rockingham all my Roman coins in large bras. The relievos, representing caterpillars, butterflies, and other insects, are wonderfully executed.

Cellini, the artist, was one of the most extraordinary men in an extraordinary age. His life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know.

Envy.

Envy, though one of the worst and meanest of our passions, seems somehow natural to the human breast. This sentiment is well expressed by a French poet, in a drama on the banishment of Aristides.

Je ne le connois point; Je l'exile à regret;
Mais que ne jouit il de sa gloire en secret!

Sully's Memoirs.

“It is history, Madam: you know how *the tale goes*,” said Cardinal Mazarine to the Queen Dowager of France. But in no respect is history more uncertain than in the description of battles. Sully observes, that when, after the battle of Aumale, the officers were standing around the bed of Henry IV. not two of

all the number could agree in their account of the engagement.

Though the original folio edition of Sully's *Memoirs* be very confused in the arrangement, it is worth while to turn it over for many curious particulars. The account of his embassy to James I. is particularly interesting, and lays open the politics of that day with a masterly hand.

It appears from Sully's original work, that Henry IV. intended that all Europe should be composed into fifteen dominations, so as to form one vast republic, peaceful in itself, and capable at all times of pacifying all its constituent states. This scheme was to be adjusted in such a manner, that each state would find it most for its own interest to support it on all occasions.

I have marked a passage in the first volume p. 31, full of terrific truth. Look at it. "Les plus grandes, magnifiques, et serieuses affaires d'Etat tirent leur origine, et leurs plus violens mouvements, des miseres, jalousies, envies, et autres bizareries de la Cour; et se reglent plustost sur icelles, que sur les meditations et consultations bien digerées, ny sur les considerations d'honneur, de gloire, ny du foi." *The most grand, magnificent, and serious affairs of state derive their origin, and their most violent movements, from the silliness, jealousies, envies, and other whims of the Court; and are rather regulated by these, than by meditations, and well-digested consultations, or by considerations of honour, glory, or good faith."*

Scepticisms and Curiosity.

Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente.
 “He who knows nothing, doubts of nothing,” says an Italian proverb. Scepticism and curiosity are the chief springs of knowledge. Without the first we might rest contented with prejudices, and false information: without the second the mind would become indifferent and torpid.

Sir John Germain.

I shall tell you a very foolish but a true story. Sir John Germain, ancestor of Lady Betty Germain, was a Dutch adventurer, who came over here in the reign of Charles II. He had an intrigue with a countess, who was divorced, and married him. This man was so ignorant, that being told that Sir Matthew Decker wrote St. Matthew's gospel, he firmly believed it. I doubted this tale very much, till I asked a lady of quality, his descendant, about it, who told me it was most true. She added, that Sir John Germain was in consequence so much persuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, that, by his will, he left two hundred pounds to Sir Matthew, to be by him distributed among the Dutch paupers in London.

When Sir John Germain was on his death-bed, his lady desired him to receive the sacrament. Do you think,” said he, “that it will do me any good?”—“Certainly,” she answered. He took it: and, after half an hour, said to her, “My dear, what was that little thing

you made me take? You said it would do me good; but I do not feel a bit better."

Virtuosi.

Virtuosi have been long remarked to have little conscience in their favourite pursuits. A man will steal a rarity, who would cut off his hand rather than take the money it is worth. Yet in fact the crime is the same.

Mr.*** is a truly worthy clergyman, who collects coins and books. A friend of mine mentioning to him that he had several of the Strawberry-hill editions, this clergyman said, "Aye, but I can shew you what it is not in Mr. Walpole's power to give you." He then produced a list of the pictures in the Devonshire, and other two collections in London, printed at my press. I was much surprised. It was, I think, about the year 1764, that, on reading the six volumes of "London and its Environs," I ordered my printer to throw off *one* copy for my own use. This printer was the very man who, after he had left my service, produced the noted copy of Wilke's Essay on Woman. He had stolen one copy of this list; and I must blame the reverend amateur for purchasing it of him, as it was like receiving stolen goods.

Original Letter.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1785.

You are too modest, Sir, in asking my advice on a point, on which you could have no better guide than your own judgment, If I presume

presume to give you my opinion, it is from zeal for your honour. I think it would be below you to make a regular answer to anonymous scribblers in a magazine. You had better wait to see whether any formal reply is made to your book, and whether by any avowed writer, to whom, if he writes sensibly and decently, you may condescend to make an answer.

Still, as you say you have been misquoted, I should not wish you to be quite silent, though I should like better to have you turn such enemies into ridicule. A foe who misquotes you ought to be a welcome antagonist. He is so humble as to confess, when he censures what you have not said, that he cannot confute what you have said—and he is so kind as to furnish you with an opportunity of proving him a liar, as you may refer to your book to detect him.

This is what I would do: I would specify in the same magazine, in which he has attacked you, your real words, and those he has imputed to you, and then appeal to the equity of the reader. You may guess that the shaft comes from somebody whom you have censured, and thence you may draw a fair conclusion that you had been in the right to laugh at one, who was reduced to put his own words into your mouth, before he could find fault with them: and having so done, whatever indignation he excited in the reader must recoil on himself, as the offensive passages will come out to have been his own, not your's. You might even begin with loudly condemning the words, or thoughts, imputed to you, as if you retracted them—and then, as if you turned to your book, and found you had said no such thing there, as what you was

ready to retract, the ridicule would be doubled on your adversary. Something of this kind is the most I would stoop to: but I would take the utmost care not to betray a grain of more anger than is implied in contempt and ridicule. Fools can only revenge themselves by provoking, for then they bring you to a level with themselves. The good sense of your Work will support it, and there is scarce a reason for defending it, but by keeping up a controversy, to make it more noticed: for the age is so idle and indifferent, that few objects strike, unless parties are formed for and against them. I remember many years ago advising some acquaintance of mine who were engaged in the direction of the Opera, to raise a competition between two of their singers, and have papers written pro and con—for then numbers would go to clap and hiss the rivals respectively, who would not go to be pleased with the music.

Dr. Lort was chaplain to the late archbishop, Sir, but I believe is not so to the present, nor do I know whether at all connected with him. I do not even know where Dr. Lort is, having seen him but once the whole summer. I am acquainted with another person, who I believe has some interest with the present archbishop; but I conclude that leave must be asked to consult the particular books, as probably indiscriminate access could not be granted.

I have not a single correspondent left at Paris. The Abbé Barthelemi, with whom I was very intimate, behaved most unhandsomely to me after Madame du Deffand's death; when I had acted by him in a manner that called for a very different return. He could have been the most
proper

proper person to apply to; but I cannot ask a favour of one, to whom I had done one, and who has been very ungrateful. I might have an opportunity, perhaps, ere long, of making the inquiry you desire, though the person to whom I must apply is rather too great to employ; but if I can bring it about, I will; for I should have great pleasure to assist your pursuits, though, from my long acquaintance with the world, I am very diffident of making promises that are to be executed by others, however sincerely I am myself,

Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Bolingbroke's Gratitude.

Bolingbroke, so shew his gratitude to my father for permitting him to return to England, endeavoured to supplant the minister by means of the royal mistresses—but George II. was ruled by his queen, and not by his mistresses. Queen Caroline, indeed, deserved the favour she enjoyed. So attentive was she to her husband, that he could not walk through the gardens, without her calling for her cloke, and following him, even when she had a cold, or was otherwise indisposed.

Swift.

Swift was a good writer, but had a bad heart. Even to the last he was devoured by ambition, which he pretended to despise. Would you
believe

believe that, after finding his opposition to the ministry fruitless, and, what galled him still more, contemned, he summoned up resolution to wait on Sir Robert Walpole? Sir Robert seeing Swift look pale and ill, inquired the state of his health, with his usual old English good humour and urbanity. They were standing by a window that looked into the court-yard, where was an ancient ivy dropping towards the ground. "Sir," said Swift, with an emphatic look, "I am like that ivy; I want support." Sir Robert answered, "Why then, doctor, did you attach yourself to a falling wall?" Swift took the hint, made his bow, and retired.

Atterbury.

Atterbury was nothing more nor less than a jacobite priest. His writings were extolled by that faction, but his letter on Clarendon's History is truly excellent.

George. I.

On a journey to Hanover the coach of George I. breaking down, he was obliged to take shelter in the next country-house, which belonged to a gentleman attached to the abdicated family. The King was of course shewn into the best room; where, in the most honourable place, appeared—the portrait of the Pretender. The possessor, in great confusion, was about to apologise by pleading obligations, &c. when the King stopped him, by saying, with a smile of indifference, "Upon my word it is very like the family."

William

William Duke of Cumberland.

William, Duke of Cumberland, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the Queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. "What have you been doing?" said the Queen. "Reading."—"What book?"—"The New Testament."—"Very Well. What part?"—"Where it is said, *Woman, why troublest thou me?*"

Duchess of Marlborough.

I am told that the secret letters between Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough, in the first glow of their passion, are still extant in a certain house in the Green Park. They used to correspond under feigned and romantic names. When this intense friendship abated, the Duchess was certainly more in fault than the Queen. Such was the equality produced by their intimacy, that almost the sole remaining idea of superiority remained with her who had the advantage in personal charms—and in this there was unfortunately no comparison. The Duchess became so presumptuous that she would give the Queen her gloves to hold, and on taking them again would affect suddenly to turn her head away, as if her royal mistress had perspired some disagreeable effluvia!

Lady

Lady Sundon.

Lady Sundon was bribed with a pair of diamond ear-rings, and procured the donor a good place at court. Though the matter was notoriously known, she was so imprudent as to wear them constantly in public. This being blamed in a company, Lady Wortley Montague, like Mrs. Candour, undertook Lady Sundon's defence. "And pray," says she, "where is the harm? I, for my part, think Lady Sundon acts wisely for does not the bush shew where the wine is fold?"

Pope.

Pope received a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, on condition that he would suppress the character of Atossa—yet it is printed.

Burnet.

Bishop Burnet's absence of mind is well known. Dining with the Duchess of Marlborough, after her husband's disgrace, he compared, this great general to Belisarius. "But," said the Duchess, eagerly, "how came it that such a man was so miserable, and universally deserted?"—"Oh, madam (exclaimed the *disgraced* prelate), he had such a brimstone of a wife!"

Original

*Original Letter.***Strawberry-Hill, August 18,*

I am sorry, dear Sir, that I must give you unanswerable reasons, why I cannot print the work you recommend. I have been so much solicited since I set up my press to employ it for others, that I was forced to make it a rule to listen to no such applications. I refused Lord Hardwicke to print a publication of his; Lady Mary Forbes, to print letters of her ancestor Lord Essex; and the Countess of Aldborough, to print her father's poems, though in a piece as small as what you mention. These I recollect at once, beside others whose recommendations do not immediately occur to my memory; though I dare say they do remember them, and would resent my breaking my rule. I will only beg you not to treat me with so much ceremony, nor ever use the word *humbly* to me, who am no ways entitled to such respect. One private gentleman is not superior to another, in essentials; I fear the virtues of an untainted young heart, are preferable to those of an old man long conversant with the world: and in soundness of understanding you *have* shewn, and *will* shew, a depth which has not fallen to the lot of

Your sincere humble servant,

. HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will call on you in a few days, and say more on the particulars of your letter.

Heroism

* About a hundred letters of compliment or civility will be omitted. Those only are selected which contain literary facts, or uncommon thoughts.

Heroism of a Peasant.

The following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a count of Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile; and the whole family safely descended, by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he.

"Now

“Now you are safe.” By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. “Brave fellow,” exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him, “here is the promised recompence.”—“I shall never expose my life for money,” answered the peasant. “My labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all.”

Sentiment.

What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart—yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

Vertot.

In writing the History of the Knights of Malta, Vertot had sent to Italy for original materials, concerning the Siege of Rhodes: but, impatient of the long delay, he completed his narrative from his own imagination. At length the packet arrived, when Vertot was sitting with a friend: he opened it, and threw it
contemp-

contemptuously on the sofa behind him, saying coolly, *Mon siege est fait**.

Akenfide and Rolt.

Akenfide's Pleasures of Imagination attracted much notice on the first appearance, from the elegance of its language, and the warm colouring of the descriptions. But the Platonic fanaticism of the foundation injured the general beauty of the edifice. Plato is indeed the philosopher of imagination—but is not this saying that he is no philosopher at all? I have been told that Rolt, who afterwards wrote many books, was in Dublin when that poem appeared, and actually passed a whole year there, very comfortably, by passing for the author.

Montesquieu.

Madame de Deffant said of Montesquieu's celebrated work, that it was *d'esprit sur les loix†*.

Jenkins.

Jenkins, who was used as a tool by the opposition to inflame the nation into the Spanish war, by telling that the Spaniards had cut off his ears, was found possessed of both when he died.

Chevalier

* My siege is made. † Wit upon laws.

Chevalier Ramsay.

The Travels of Cyrus had their vogue, though a feeble imitation of Telemaque; and nothing can be more insipid or foreign to such a book, than the distilled nonsense concerning the trinity. The author, Chevalier Ramsay, was the son of a man who had fought against the royal forces at the battle of Bothwell-bridge, as I think it is called, and who was a violent enthusiast. When a tutor was wanted for the young Pretender, Ramsay was recommended by Fenelon. He had afterwards a place given him by the French court worth 400*l.* a year: and was made a knight of St. Louis.

Before the latter honour could be conferred, it was necessary that he should produce proofs that his ancestors had been gentlemen. The best way he thought was, to claim a descent from some noble family in Scotland; and he applied to one of his own name, but met with a stern repulse. Lord Mar called on him, while he was sitting much mortified, with the answer to his letter in his hand; and learning the cause of his vexation, increased it by reproaching him for his meanness, in applying to a house of such opposite political sentiments. The Earl then took a pen, and wrote, "I do hereby acknowledge Mr. Ramsay to be descended of my family. Mar." His vanity was the more gratified by this sudden transition from extreme mortification; and he was immediately admitted upon this unexpected certificate..

Marriage

Marriage Extraordinary.

It is singular that the descendants of Charles I. and Cromwell, intermarried, in the fourth degree.

Hurd.

I look upon Bishop Hurd as one of those superficial authors, whose works are wonderfully adapted to the public taste.

Passengers in Landscape.

Once walking in his grounds, the good effect of the passengers, on a foot path beyond, was observed, as figures in the landscape. Mr. Walpole answered, "True. I have no objection to passengers, provided they pass."

Strange Tale.

Lord * * * being out of town, his house was left in charge of a female servant. The plate was lodged at his banker's. A letter came to say that his lordship would be in town on such a day, and desiring that the plate might be got ready the evening before. The servant took the letter to my lord's brother, who said there was no doubt of the hand-writing. The banker expressed the same certainty, and delivered the plate.

The

The servant being apprehensive of thieves, spoke to their butcher, who lent her a stout dog which was shut up in the room with the plate, Next morning a man was found dead in the room, his throat being torn out by the dog; and upon examination it proved to be my lord's brother. The matter was carefully hushed, and a report spread that he was gone abroad.

Pennant.

Mr. Pennant is a most ingenious and pleasing writer. His Tours display a great variety of knowledge, expressed in an engaging way. In private life I am told he has some peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig—which, however, he can suppress, till reason yield a little to wine. But when this is the case, off goes the wig next to him, and into the fire!

Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half seas over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester. But Pennant escaped, from superior local knowledge. A wag called this "Pennant's Tour in Chester."

French

French Nationality.

The Abbé Ráynal came, with some Frenchmen of rank, to see me at Strawberry-hill. They were standing at a window, looking at the prospect to the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them said in French, not thinking that I and Mr. Churchill over-heard them. "Every thing in England only serves to recommend France to us the more." Mr. Churchill instantly stepped up, and said, "Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country they could eat nothing but train-oil."

Criticism on Gray.

Gray should not have admitted

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

into his beautiful ode. "Towers of Cæsar" would have been unexceptionable. He goes merely on tradition it is true; but we know that the Romans were not possessed of London, nor any part of this country, in the time of Julius Cæsar. Under Claudius they were. Tradition can never be alleged for an absolute impossibility.

Bruce's Travels.

Bruce's book is both dull and dear. We join in clubs of five, each pays a guinea, draw lots who shall have it first, and the last to keep it for his patience.

Bruce's

Bruce's overbearing manner has raised enmity and prejudices; and he did wrong in retailing the most wonderful parts of his book in companies. A story may be credible when attended with circumstances, which seems false if detached.

I was present in a large company at dinner, when Bruce was talking away. Some one asked him what musical instruments are used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question; and at last said, "I think I saw one *lyre** there." George Selwyn whispered his next man, "Yes; and there is one less since he left the country."

Coliseum.

When I was at Rome the first time I went into the Coliseum; it was still so stupendous, that though a company of strollers were acting, on a temporary stage, and their audience were sitting on benches, the whole spectacle was so very inconsiderable, that it seemed remote, and not to be noticed in that vast area, of which it occupied a most trifling space. Yet as ancient Romans were not taller than modern, it struck me that the gladiators and actors must have appeared still more diminutive to the original spectators from the elevated arches. They must have been like thousands of flies, gazing at mites from an immense height.

Emphatic

* Same pronunciation as *lyar*.

Emphatic Oath.

Some time after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and some of the council, for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the question was upon the security for performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said, "Is not the word of a king sufficient security?" One of the deputies answered, "No, by St. Bartholomew, Madam."

Ridicule.

We have justly abandoned the maxim that ridicule is a test of truth. It is rather the most powerful weapon of vice, which has scarcely any other mean of attacking virtue, except ridicule and slander, well knowing the consequence. *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.*

The first Step.

Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute: "The first step is the only difficulty." This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company say that St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, Madam, two entire leagues" — "I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"

Spanish

Spanish Etiquette.

The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood, that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbade his interference, and the Duke of Uzeda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out; and the flame increased, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

Etrurian Ware.

Concerning the Etrurian earthen ware see Plutarch's life of Publicola, where there is a long and curious passage mentioning a chariot made of earthen ware; a point of perfection to which it has not yet arrived among us.

Languet's Letters.

I have read Lord Hailes's edition of Languet's epistles. There are some curious things, particularly his remarks on the English pronunciation of the Latin language.

Erudition.

Erudition is excellent when managed by good sense. But how often does it only increase a man's natural fund of nonsense? What do you say to the scholastic question, *Si Deus scit que non sciuntur?* Hobbes said, that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he should have been as ignorant as they.

Memoires de Grammont.

I find that, in the notes to the Strawberry-hill edition of the *Memoires de Grammont*, republished by Doddsley, and of which I gave you a copy, I have fallen into some mistakes for want of a proper genealogy of the Abercorn family.

[The following little memoir, remitted to the editor by an ingenious correspondent in Ireland, will serve to rectify those mistakes, and will at the same time prove interesting to the admirers of the *Memoires de Grammont*, perhaps the most witty and amusing of literary productions. Mr. Walpole's chief errors occur p. 75 and 273, in which he supposes George to be the eldest son; and thus perplexes several of the anecdotes.]

“ James, second Lord Hamilton, married Mary, daughter of James III. and by her had James, third Lord Hamilton, first Earl of Arran. His son James was second Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelheraut, whose eldest son James became insane. John, the second son, was created Marquis of Hamilton in 1599.

“ The

"The third son, Claud, was, in 1585, created Lord Pailey, and his eldest son, James, was made Earl of Abercorn in 1606. By Mariana, daughter of Lord Boyd, he had five sons and three daughters.

"The three eldest sons failing of issue, the title of Abercorn afterwards fell to the descendants of Sir George, the fourth son. (Alexander, the fifth son, became a count of the empire, and settled in Germany, where his posterity still remain.)

"Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, married Mary*, third sister to James, first Duke of Ormond (she died in 1680), and by her he had,

H 2

" 1. James,

* "Her nieces, daughters of James, Duke of Ormond, Lady Mary, wife of the Earl of Devonshire, and Lady Elizabeth, second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield, were the reigning beauties of the age. There are pictures of both in the present Earl of Ormond's castle at Kilkenny. Lady Chesterfield was of a delicate form and low stature; her daughter married John, Earl of Strathmore.

"The scandalous chronicles of those times charge her husband, the Earl of Chesterfield, with having caused her to take the sacrament upon her innocence, respecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, and having then bribed his chaplain to put poison into the sacramental cup, of which she died. His son, Lord Stanhope, by his third wife (father of Lord Chesterfield the author, married Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and earl quarrelled, and the latter made his son bring his wife to Litchfield, breaking off all intercourse between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilette her father's "Advice to a Daughter:" her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote in the title-page, "Labour in vain." On her side, the lady made her servant out of livery carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup; and whenever she dined or supped in company with her father-in-law, either at his own house or abroad, she never would drink but of those liquors, from her servant's hand, as a hint to the Earl, and society present, of what his lordship was suspected of having effected by a sacred beverage."

“ 1. James, groom of the bedchamber to Charles II. and colonel of a regiment. Being on board the fleet with the Duke of York, a cannon-ball carried off his leg, and he died the 6th of June, 1673. From him springs the present Earl of Abercorn.

“ 2. George, Count Hamilton, a marechal de camp in the French service. He married Frances Jennings, sister to the Dukes of Marlborough, and left three daughters; Elizabeth, wedded to Viscount Ross; Frances, to Viscount Dillon; Mary, to Viscount Kingsland.

“ (By which last marriage the pictures I saw at Tarvey, Lord Kingsland's house, came to him. I particularly recollect the portraits of Count Hamilton and his brother Antony; and two of Madame Grammont, one taken in her youth, the other in an advanced age.)

“ 3. The third son of Sir George was Antony, who followed King James into France, where he died a lieutenant-general.

“ 4. Thomas, a captain in the sea-service, died in New-England.

“ 5. Richard, died a lieutenant-general in France.

“ 6. John, a colonel, slain at the battle of Aghrim.

“ As Sir George Hamilton was governor of the castle of Ninagh in 1649, from that, and his affinity to the Duke of Ormond, it has been concluded that his children were all born in Ireland*.

“ He

* He afterwards went abroad, and did not return till the restoration, when he was created a baronet. Dougl. Peer. Sir George himself was probably born in Scotland. Any of his children, born between 1649 and 1660, may claim a foreign birth. *Edit.*

“ He had also three daughters.

“ 1. Elizabeth, wedded to Philibert, Count de Grammont, by whom she had a daughter, who became the wife of Henry, Earl of Stafford. Tradition reports that Grammont, having attached, if not engaged, himself to Miss Hamilton, went off abruptly for France; that Count [George] Hamilton pursued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addressed him: “ My dear friend, I believe you have forgot a circumstance that should take place before your return to France.” To which Grammont answered, “ True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I will instantly accompany you back to London, and rectify that forgetfulness.” It is hardly requisite to add, that the witty Count de Grammont is not recorded to have been a man of personal courage.

“ 2. Lucy, married to Sir Donogh O'Brien, of Lemineagh.

“ 3. Margaret, to Matthew Forde, Esq. of Coolgraney, Wexford.

“ (With his descendant at Seaford, county Down, I saw the picture of Count [George] Hamilton, dressed in the French uniform; the painting not near so good as that in the King-land family.)

“ Frances Jennings, widow of Count Hamilton, was secondly married to Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel. She died at his house in Paradise-row, Dublin, I think in the year 1736. Her death was occasioned by her falling out of her bed upon the floor, in a winter's night; and being too feeble to rise or to call, was found in the morning so perished with cold,

that she died in a few hours. She was of very low stature, and extremely thin; and had not the least trace in her features of having ever been a beauty."

Puff Dress.

An old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of puff. It is true people would say, "Who is that old fool?" but it is as true that the answer was, "That is the famous general * * *, who took such a place."

Trick against Law.

A Jew and a Christian, both Italians, united their endeavours in a snuff-shop. On Saturday, the sabbath, the Jew did not appear; but on Sunday he supplied the place of the Christian. Some scruples were started to the Jew, but he only answered, *Trovata la legge, trovato l'inganno*, "When laws were invented, tricks were invented."

Value of Justice.

An attorney in France having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What! father," said the son in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father: "Is so scarce an article to be given for nothing?"

History.

The example of Sully shews that the study of history is practically useful to a statesman, for he tells us, in his Memoirs, that he was much given to it; and he proved the first of all ministers.

Odd Medal.

Vertue, in his manuscripts, mentions a small silver medal of Lucy, Duchess of Portsmouth, reverse Cupid on a woolpack. I have not seen it.

Furniture.

I like our old walnut-tree furniture as well as mahogany, But ebony was a luxury of our ancestors. My ebony chairs in the Holbein room cost me a handsome sum, though not the most elegant of the kind.

Authors.

Fletcher, in his *Locustæ*, has an odd line on authors:

The goose lends them a spear, and every rag a shield.

Premature.

A man married a girl, who brought him a child in six weeks. His friends rallying him, and saying the child had come too soon, "You

are mistaken," answered he; "it was the ceremony which was too late."

Female Quarrels.

The *spretæ injuria forma* is the greatest with a woman. A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

Clerical Sarcasm.

In some parish-churches it was the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman, eager for the honour of the sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, it is not among us."—"So much the better," answered the priest; "it will be over the sooner."

Modest Death.

I am fond of Fontenelle, and of every anecdote relating to him. He was told that an actress had died of the small-pox. "Very modest!" exclaimed he.

Smart Epistle.

The French civil wars often display wit; ours are dull. The answer of the captain of Hume Castle to Colonel Fenwicke, who summoned it in the name of Cromwell, is, however,

ever, whimsical. I think I can turn to it. Here it is.

“ RIGHT HONOURABLE,

“ I have received a trumpeter of yours, as he tells me, without your pass (*he had forgot it, it seems, and left it behind him upon the table*), to render Hume Castle to the Lord General Cromwell. Please you, I never saw your general, nor know your general. As for Hume Castle, it stands upon a rock.

“ Given at Hume Castle, this day before seven o'clock. So resteth, without prejudice of his native country,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN COCKBURN.”

Maxim of Writing.

We must speak to the eyes, if we wish to affect the mind.

Hieroglyphic.

A farmer of the *gabelle* on salt had built a villa like a palace. Displaying it to his friends, it was observed, that a statue was wanting for a large niche in the vestibule. “ I mean to put there,” said the farmer, “ some allegorical statue relating to my business.”—“ You may then put Lot’s wife, who was changed to a statue of salt,” answered one of his friends.

Fools by Profession.

Our court-fools ceased with the reign of Charles I. L'Angely was the last in France. He was presented by the Prince of Conti to Louis XIV. Being asked why he never attended sermon, he answered, "Because I hate noise, and do not understand reasoning."

Elegant Compliment.

A French officer being just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered, with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought so yesterday."

Algarotti.

Algarotti is a lively and pleasant writer, and sometimes conveys his thoughts in elegant metaphor; for example: "Lo stile di Bacon, uomo di altissima dottrina, abbonda di vivissimi pensieri. Nella maggior profondita d'acqua, si trovano le perle piu grosse." "The style of Bacon, a man of the most profound learning, abounds in most lively thoughts. In the greater depth of water the larger pearls are found."

Romance Tongue.

I find that it was about the ninth century that barbarous Latin began to give place to the modern

modern languages of France, Spain and Italy. The council of Tours, in the year 813, ordered the priests to preach in *romance*, that they might be understood by the people. We have an odd idea that the clergy did not preach before the reformation. The Roman Catholic clergy always preached, and do preach, in the vulgar tongue.

Riddle.

The French delight to try the *esprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage; and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other side of the river.

The answer is, he must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

Original

Original Letter.

October, 1784.

* * * * *

I AM much obliged to you for the many civil and kind expressions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the last I can only ascribe to the goodness of your heart.

I have published nothing of any size but the pieces you mention, and one or two small tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The rest have been prefaces to some of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and some fugitive pieces, which I reprinted some years ago in a small volume, and which shall be at your service, with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongst which I do not doubt but he will generously bestow on me many that I did *not* write, according to the liberal practice of such compilers), and who also intends to write my life, to which as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public, he must likewise be a volunteer contributor) it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whosoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but happily the insects that prey on carrion are still more short-lived than the carcases were from which they draw their nutriment. Those

momen-

momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside by like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies which, in catacombs, preserves bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be most wise to swim for a moment on the passing current, secure that it will soon hurry me into the ocean: where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to bespeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conscious of no intrinsic worth, do but beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate spurious publications by a comprehensive and authentic one, is almost as great an evil; it is giving a body to scattered atoms; and such an act in one's old age is declaring a fondness for the indiscretions of youth, or for the trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the less excusable. It is most true, Sir, that so far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am persuaded, that had I thought early as I think now, I should never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illness, and pain, have given me as many hours of reflection in the intervals of the two latter, as the two latter have drawn.

drawn from reflection; and, besides their shewing me the inutility of all our little views, they have suggested an observation that I love to encourage in myself from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practised the humiliating task of comparing myself with great authors: and that comparison has annihilated all the flattery that self-love could suggest. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the standard that constitutes excellence; for the shades that distinguish mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine therefore, you find, Sir, is not humility, but pride! When young I wished for fame, not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor considering in what lights fame was desirable. There are two parts of honest fame; that attendant on the truly great; and that better sort that is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor discovered, till too late, that I could not compass the former. Having neglected the best road, and having, instead of the other, strolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth seeking, I see the idleness of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark solicitude for trifles, which I think so myself.

I beg your pardon for talking so much of myself; but an answer was due to the unmerited attention which you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleasure to speak of yours. Forgive me if I shall blame you, whether

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ther you either abandon your intention, or are too impatient to execute it. A mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand much acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* sources of measures. The present time is accustomed to details and anecdotes; and the age immediately preceding one's own is less known to any man than the history of any other period.

* * * * *

Your obliged and obedient

humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

De Callieres.

The book of De Callieres, *De la science du monde*, is very well written. It was the foundation, I believe, of the pamphlet called *The Polite Philosopher*.

Dante.

Dante is a difficult author. I wish we had a complete translation in prose, with the original on the opposite page, like the French one of the *Inferno*, printed at Paris in 1776.

News.

Renaudot, a physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a *Gazette*, so called from *Gazetto*, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of manuscript.

script news. In more early times our chief nobility had correspondents abroad on purpose to write what were called "Letters of News."

Rotrou.

Rotrou's *Venceslas* is the best of the French tragedies, anterior to Corneille. It ought to be reprinted, as it is only to be found in the scarce ancient edition, or in large collections.

D'Hancarville.

That book of D'Hancarville is very foolish. He is puzzled why all barbarous nations have similar idols and customs; and yet is not puzzled at their all having two eyes and a nose. The human mind and the human form are every where similar. All nations find milk very useful; yet d'Hancarville is deplorably wise on the universal veneration paid to bulls and cows. A little good-sense is worth all the erudition in the world.

And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:

French Royal Authors:

Louis XIV. translated from Cæsar, with the assistance of his governor, "La Guerre des Suisses," Paris 1651, folio, from the royal press of the Louvre.

By his successor we have, "Cours des principaux Fleuves et Rivieres de l'Europe: ouvrage composé

composé et imprimé par S. M. tres Cretienne Louis XV. Roi de France et de Navarre. Paris, de l'imprimerie du Cabinet de sa Majesté, 1718, 8vo."—"The Course of the chief Rivers in Europe, composed *and printed* by his most Christian Majesty Louis XV. &c. Paris, from the King's cabinet pres."

Philip of France, only brother of Louis XIV. translated Florus, Paris 1670, 12mo. It was published by La Mothe le Vayer.

It is surprising that Louis XI. should appear among the royal authors of France. He wrote for the instruction of his son, "Le Rosier des Guerres;" a work divided into two parts, the first moral, the last historical. The first is in the form of maxims; for example:

"If a king wish to raise pure hands to heaven, let him be contented with his own domain, and the ancient subsidies: the greatest necessity of the public weal can alone authorise the imposition of new taxes."

"When men formed communities, and built towns, and appointed masters over them, it was only in order to obtain justice, and help against injuries: hence it is the prime duty of a king to prevent oppression, and distribute justice."

Original Letter.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1786.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the notice, and your kind intentions. I have various copies of King Charles's collection; but the one you mention is probably more curious and what I should be very glad to have; and

if I can afford it will give whatever shall be thought reasonable; for I would by no means take advantage of the poor man's ignorance or necessity; and therefore should wish to have it estimated by some connoisseur; and though the notes may be foolish, they would not prejudice the information I should like to get. I must go to town on Friday, and will call on you: and if you cannot be at home, be so good as to leave the MS. and I will bring it back to you the next day, or Sunday, as I return hither.

Yours sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Poissardes.

The *harrongeres*, or fish-women at Paris, form a sort of body-corporate. In the time of Louis XIV. the Dauphin having recovered from a long illness, the fish-women deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After some difficulties, the ladies were admitted by the King's special command, and conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began a sort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died? We should have lost our all." The King meanwhile had entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and *glory*, frowned at this ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his good graces, by adding, "True; we should have lost our all—for our good King

King could never have survived his son, and would doubtless have died of grief." The naïf policy of this unexpected turn was much admired.

Henry VIII.

Your argument that Henry VIII. might have retained the church-lands, and thus have secured a great revenue, is well enough in theory: But, in fact, he could not have kept them; it was necessary to distribute them, in order to interest others in the support of his innovations. I believe he forgot the northern peers; and this led to rebellions in the north.

Useless Reading.

Dr. Bentley's son reading a novel, the Doctor said, "Why read a book which you cannot quote?"

Charles I.

The best and most undoubted specimen of the mental powers of Charles I. is his conference with Henderfon.

Hypercriticism.

Every thing has its place. Lord Hailes, who is very accurate himself, observed to me, that the chronology of the Memoires de Grammont is not exact. What has that book to do with chronology.?

Jackyship.

Jockeyship.

Louis XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present, a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus: "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts one horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful Barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the King's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the King exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip"—and added, in presenting it to the *seigneur*, "Hold; this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it you for your horse."

Original Letter.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 30, 1785.

As soon, Sir, as I can see the lady my friend, who is much acquainted with the Archbishop, I will try if she will ask his leave for you to see the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the list. I did ask Mr. Cambridge
where

where Dr. Lort is; he told me, with the Bishop of Chester, and on an intended tour to the Lakes. I do not possess, nor ever looked into, one of the books you specify; nor Mabillon's *Acta Sanctorum*, nor O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*. My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory; not that, perhaps, it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the Deeds of Sinners than *Acta Sanctorum*. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number; and had rather have read fewer than I have, than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you, who I am sure would not read them for general use and pleasure, and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare say, anything you do write; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvas to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations, unless for an opportunity of smiling at the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we have of them; except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley. He stands with me in lieu of what are called *The Fathers*; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his*; but as my
faith

* A collection of his small tracts and single Sheets, presented by himself to speaker Onslow.

faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men? Is not it an established rule in France that every person should love every king they have in his turn; What government is formed for general happiness? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better at sixty-eight leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to Bishop Hoadly, and sigh?

Not but I have a heart-felt satisfaction when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter sacred truths, meets with approbation and purchasers of his work. You must not, however, flatter yourself, Sir, that all your purchasers are admirers. Some will buy your book, because they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and because they want to find matter in it for abusing you. Let them; the more it is discussed, the more strongly will your fame be established. I commend you for scorn-
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ing any artifice to puff your book ; but you must allow me to hope it will be attacked.

I have another satisfaction in the sale of your book ; it will occasion a second edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting misquoters, you simply printed a list of their false quotations, referring to the identic sentences, at the end of your second edition. That will be preserving their infamy, which else would perish where it was born : and perhaps would deter others from similar forgeries. If any rational opponent staggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it ; and that would be a second triumph. I am, perhaps, too impertinent and forward with advice : it is at least a proof of zeal ; and you are under no obligation to follow my counsel. It is the weakness of old age to be apt to give advice ; but I will fairly arm you against myself, by confessing, that when I was young, I was not apt to take any.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Beautiful Proverb.

Proverbs not only present " le bon gros sens qui court les rues," but sometimes are expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with an oriental one of this sort, which I met with in some book of travels: " With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes fatten."

Odd

Odd Obligation.

The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigné says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the Duke presented him to the King, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The King granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations. "Ah! Sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good-sense, affected not to hear it.

Pearls.

We read more of pearls than of diamonds, in ancient authors. The ancients had not skill enough to make the most of diamonds; and the art of engraving on them is not older than the sixteenth century. The most remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spanish treasury, called *The Pilgrim*. It was in the possession of a merchant, who had paid for it 100,000 crowns. When he went to offer it for sale to Philip IV. the King said, "How could you venture to give so much for a pearl?" The merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleased with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

Selfishness.

The reason why I admit no children with the companies that come to see my house, is, that I have had some trinkets damaged, nay, lost. I thought of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who opened his fine gardens to the citizens, but stuck up notice that no flowers were to be pulled, as they were for the delight of all, and not of any individual. One day, however, being at his window, he perceived a lady, who was destroying a whole parterre to make her dear self a nosegay. Calling a servant, he ordered him to give the lady a crown, to enable her to buy flowers. The damsel threw down her theft, and marched off in a rage, which was not alleviated by another message from the Archbishop, "That his garden was only open for those *qui savoient vivre.*"

Legacy Forestalled.

A French peer, a man of wit, was making his testament: he had remembered all his domestics, except his steward; "I shall leave him nothing," said he, "because he has served me these twenty years."

Mistaken Piety.

Some passengers were chatting idle nonsense to a parrot, hung out at a window, when a devout old lady came up: "O wickedness!" exclaimed she: "why do you not teach him his creed?"

Novel.

I have read somewhere that *La Comtesse de Mortane*, a novel in two volumes, by Madame Durand, is worth the perusal.

Knowles.

Knowle's *History of the Turks* is full of long orations, translated from the Latin of Leunclavius. Considered as a history, it is a mass of fables; in point of language, it is the dullest book in the world, with feeble periods of a page long.

Amorous Saint.

I am told that the life of St. Catherine of Sienna contains much curious and equivocal matter.

[The title is *Legenda della seraphica Catherina di Sienna*. Vinegia, 1556, 8vo.]

Hardouin.

Hardouin was a diverting madman. He thought most of the classics were forged by monks. So wrong-headed he was, that you may be sure that what he asserts is false, and what he attacks is true. When he was inculcating his new doctrines of literary forgery to a youth, his disciple, the latter asked him what was to be thought of the scriptures, the canons, the fathers? After a long silence, Hardouin answered, "Only I and God know the force of your objection."

Sucking

Sucking Fathers.

Bouhours has written a little work called *Ingenuous Thoughts of the Fathers*. There is hardly one worth repeating. Those fathers reason like complete fools. I am convinced that in their time the human mind had become exhausted and debased. The Platonic philosophers of that period are no better reasoners. Christianity was certainly of all the systems then offered the most rational. Perhaps the philosophic idea of the unity of God could never have met with acceptance among the people, except by the mean of Christianity.

Original Letter.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

Some time ago you said you would be so kind as to give me a list of the writings of Lord Elibank. I have a mind to complete my account of royal and noble authors, for which I have amassed a great number of additions, both of works and omitted writers. I shall therefore be much obliged to you, if, without interrupting your own much more valuable writings, you can favour me with that list.

All I know of Lord Elibank's publications are the following:

1. *Inquiry into the Origin and Consequence of the public Debts.*

2. *Thoughts on Money, Circulation, and Paper Currency.* Edinb. 1758.

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3. A pamphlet on the Scottish peerage, 1771. I do not know the title.

I have a very imperfect memorandum, made long ago, and which being only written with a pencil is almost effaced; so that all that remains legible are these words, "Lord Lyttleton's correspondents, Lord Elibank's answer to"—

I recollect that it alluded to some remarkable anecdote; but my memory grows superannuated, and I cannot recover it. Have you any idea?

I do not even know Lord Elibank's Christian name; was it Patrick?

In 1778 I cut out of a newspaper almost a whole column, containing an account of the death and character of Patrick, Lord Elibank; and as he is there described as a very aged man, I conclude it was the Lord I remember, who married the widow of Lord North and Grey, and was brother of Mr. Alexander Murray, imprisoned by the House of Commons.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you here (which I hope will be in about a fortnight, when I shall be free from all engagements), I will, if you care to see it, trouble you with a sight of my intended supplement, to which, perhaps, you can contribute some additions, as I think you told me. I am in no haste, for I only intend to leave it behind me, and have actually put all the materials in order, except the article of Lord Elibank. I do not pretend to shew you any thing worthy of your curiosity, for nothing is more trifling than my writings; but I am glad to lay you under a sort of debt of communication, in which I am sure of being greatly overpaid.

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I can tell you what is truly curious; I have a list (over and above those whom I shall mention, being dead) of at least thirty living authors and authoresses. Would not one think this a literary age? As perhaps you was not aware of what a mass of genius the House of Lords is possessed—I ought rather to say, the peerage of the three kingdoms, and of all, except of two of the ladies (who are five), the works are in print, I will show you the catalogue; nay, you shall have a copy, if you please, lest so many illustrious names should be lost, when I, their painful chronicler, am not alive to record them. Nor is there an atom of vanity in that expression. Books of peerage are like the precious spices that embalm corpses, and preserve the dead for ages.—Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Prejudices.

Our passions and prejudices ever mislead us. There is a French *ben trovato* on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. “I see,” said she, “I see two shades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers.”—“Poh!” said the curate, looking in his turn; “these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral.”

Emphatic Reproof.

I have heard of a general officer, who may be classed with the Archbishop of Granada. When he was about ninety years of age he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls. "Is this, gentlemen, the example that I give you?"

A Well-Doer.

A father wished to dissuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. "She who marries does well," said he; "but she who does not marry does better."—"My father," she answered meekly, "I am content with doing well; let her do better who can."

Ignorant Naiveté.

An old officer had lost an eye in the wars, and supplied it with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn he took out his eye, and gave it to the simple wench who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterwards still waiting and staring, "What dost wait for?" said the officer. "Only for the other eye, Sir."

Amusements of War.

When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the place, was so polite

lite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the King's dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions." The Spaniard answered, without hesitation, "Sire, he thinks the siege will be long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted." When the messenger was going, the Duke de Charroft, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governor of Douai, who yielded like a rascal." The King turned round laughing, and said, "Charroft, are you mad!"—"How, Sir?" answered he, "Brouai is my cousin."

In the *Memoires de Grammont* you will find similar examples of the *amusements* of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the King laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."

Unexceptionable Testament.

Sainfrai, a notary of Paris, was sent for to write the testament of a rich man, who desired him so to word it that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs. "No room for contestation, impossible!" answered Sainfrai. "Jesus Christ, the wisest of men, the son of God, drew up a testament, which has been contested for these seventeen hundred years, and will ever be contested. Can I hope to go beyond him?" So saying, he took his hat, and withdrew.

Equity.

I have read somewhere, I believe in Thuanus, that the inhabitants of a city stipulated with their sovereign, that their judges should not decide causes by equity. They deemed equity a mere pretext for abandoning the letter of the law.

A Commandment.

The evening before a battle, an officer came to ask Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who [was at the point of death. "Go," said the general, who saw through the pretext; "thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth."

Fashions.

It was about the year 1714 that two English ladies, visiting Versailles, set an example of low head-dresses to the French Ladies, who at that time wore them so high, arranged like organ-pipes, that their heads seemed in the middle of their bodies. The king loudly expressed his approbation of the superior taste and elegance of the English fashion; and the ladies of the court were of course eager to adopt the new form.

The same ladies are said to have introduced the fashion of large hoops in France; an absurd custom, which the delicate raillery of Addison could not extirpate.

Metonymy.

Metonymy.

Scarlet and *purple* are terms sometimes applied, by old French and English poets, to *fine cloth* of any colour, because those superb colours had been originally confined to that sort of cloth. Thus we read of white scarlet, and of green purple.

Dr. Robertson.

Dr. Robertson's reading is not extensive: he only reads what may conduce to the purpose in hand; but he uses admirably what he does read. His Introduction to the History of Charles V. abounds with gross mistakes. In mentioning the little-intercourse among nations, in the middle ages, he says a prior of Cluny expresses his apprehensions of a journey to St. Maur. He supposes the prior's simplicity a standard of the mode of thinking at that time! In many other instances he has mistaken exceptions for rules. Exceptions are recorded, because they are singular; what is generally done escapes record. A receipt may be given for an extravagantly dear book, even now; but that does not imply that books are now very uncommon.

Value of an Oath.

A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian."—"Will you wager?"—"No,

I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

Strange Error.

A tract of Father Paul has been recently published (his *Opinione toccante il governo della Rep. Veneziana*, Londra, 1788, 8vo.), with a pompous preface, saying that this invaluable work is now printed from an undoubted MS. This thing was printed a century and a half ago!

Apt. Quotation.

Here is an antiquarian book for you! I have been dipping into it to my sorrow. Most of them are narcotic, but this is irritating; for who can bear insolence, mixed with false reasoning on false foundations? I took down Lucretius to look at a quotation, and an applicable passage caught my eye. I have marked it:

——— in fabrica si falsa est regula prima,
Normaque si fallax notis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua si ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendose fieri, atque obstipa necessum est;
Prava, cubantia, prona, supina, atque absona tecta,
Jam rueret ut quadam videantur velle, ruantque
Prodita iudicia fallacibus omnia primis.

Original

*Original Letter.**Strawberry-hill, August 14, 1778.*

DEAR SIR,

The new regulation of the post proves very inconvenient to this little district. It arrives and departs again in half an hour; so that having a visit when I received your letter yesterday, I could not possibly answer it then; nor can I write now expeditiously, as for these thirteen days I have had a third fit of the gout in my left arm and hand, and can barely hold the paper.

Your intelligence of the Jubilees to be celebrated in Scotland * in honour of the revolution was welcome indeed. It is a favourable symptom of an age when its festivals are founded on good sense and liberality of sentiment, and not to perpetuate superstition and slavery. Your countrymen, Sir, have proved their good sense too in their choice of a poet. Your writings breathe the noble, generous spirit congenial to the institution. Give me leave to say, that it is very flattering to me to have the Ode communicated to me.—I will not say, to be consulted, for of that distinction I am not worthy; I am not a poet; and am sure cannot improve your ideas, which you have expressed with propriety and clearness, the necessary ingredients of an address to a populous meeting, for I doubt our numerous audiences are not arrived at olympic taste enough to seize with
enthu-

* At Glasgow, it should have been.

enthusiasm the eccentric flights of Pindar. You have taken a more rational road to inspiration by adhering to the genuine topics of the occasion: and you speak in so manly a style, that I do not believe a more competent judge could amend your poetry. I approve of it so much, that if you *commanded* me to alter it, I would alter but one word, and would insert but one more. In the second stanza, for

Here ever *gleam'd* the patriot sword,

I would rather read,

Here ever *flash'd*,

as I think *gleam'd* not forcible enough for the thought, nor expressive enough of the vigorous ardour of your heroes. In the third stanza, I think, there wants a syllable, not literally, but to the ear;

And *slavery*, with arts unblest.

Slavery, if pronounced as three syllables, does not satisfy the fulness of harmony, and besides obliges the tongue to dwell too strongly on *with*, which ought not to occupy much accent. An epithet to *arts* would make the whole line sonorous.

These are trifling criticisms of a trifling critic, but they mark both my attention and satisfaction with your ode. I must add, how beautifully is introduced, *innocent of blood!* How ought that circumstance to be dwelt upon at the Jubilee of the Revolution!

I will

I will tell you how more than occasionally the mention of Pindar slipped into my pen. I have frequently, and even yesterday, wished that some attempt were made to ennoble our horse-races, particularly at Newmarket, by associating better arts with the courses, as by contributions for odes, the best of which should be rewarded by medals. Our nobility would find their vanity gratified, for as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them; and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if their horse (which should be the impress on one side) were not well executed; and as I hold there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead further, and the cups or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful verses. But this is a vision; and I may as well go to bed and dream of any thing else. I do not return the ode, which I flatter myself you meant I should keep.

Your much obliged, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I must not forget how difficult it is to write to a given tune, especially with so much ease as you have done; and nothing is more happy than *making November smile as May.*

Fool.

Footstiveness of Preaching.

A preacher in Italy was pronouncing the panegyric of his favourite saint, the founder of his order. He compared him with all the celestial hierarchy, and could find no place honourable enough for him, while his long paragraphs were ever closed with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great patriarch?" An auditor, whose patience was exhausted, rose up, and said, "Since you are so puzzled, he may have my place, for I am going."

I do not know if it were the same preacher who said St. Francis Xavier converted, by one sermon, ten thousand persons in a desert island.

Pere Seraphin, a noted capuchin of pious simplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV. at Versailles, when he perceived the Abbé Fénélon asleep. Stopping in the midst of his discourse, he said, "Wake that abbé who is asleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the King." Louis smiled, and pardoned the disrespect, in consideration of the father's simplicity of character.

Embassadors.

You remember Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador, "A man sent to tell lies for the good of his country." He should of course have a firm countenance. Louis XIV. delighted in exciting awe and confusion of face in those who approached him, but could not succeed with Baron Pentridge, envoy from the emperor.

When

When he was making his first speech Louis was piqued at his coolness, and sought to embarrass him by calling out, "Speak louder, Mr. Ambassador." Pentrider only answered, "Louder?" raised his voice, and proceeded.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the curious account of his own life which I printed, tells a good story of a Spanish ambassador, who had abandoned a congress because he could not obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to court he waited on the King, and explained the reason of his conduct. "What," said the monarch, "could you think of abandoning such an important business for the sake of a ceremony?" The ambassador, piqued at the reflection, answered with great spirit, "A ceremony! What is your majesty yourself but a ceremony?"

Use of Monasteries.

An envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medici asked that wise prince how it came to pass that there were so few mad men at Florence, while the capital of Egypt presented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery, said, "We shut them up in those houses."

Reproof.

Cardinal Dubois offered an abbey to a bishop, who refused it, because he said he could not reconcile to his conscience the possession of two benefices. The Cardinal, in great surprise, said, "You should be canonised;"—"I wish, my lord," answered the Bishop, "that I deserv-

ed it; and that you had the power." A delicate reproach of his ambition.

Friendship.

In our cold climate friendship seldom ripens much. A friend is a name for a more constant acquaintance. Yet I have heard of a gentleman who laid down his equipage, and retrenched his expences, in order to lay by a sum to assist two children of a deceased friend, who had left them in poverty.

Gothic Architecture.

Mr. Gibbon mentions that the palace of Theodosius, represented on one of his coins, is the oldest specimen of Gothic architecture. I doubt the coin and the palace. Perhaps the old shrines for reliques were the real prototypes of this fine species of architecture. Some, as old as Alfred's time, have pointed arches in miniature. It was a most natural transition for piety to render a whole church, as it were, one shrine. The Gothic style seems to bespeak *an amplification of the minute, not a diminution of the great.* Warburton's groves are nonsense; it was not a passage from barbarism to art, but from one species of art to another. The style was at first peculiar to shrines, and then became peculiar to churches.

Concubinage.

Concubinage was lawful, and allowed by the canons of the church, till the 12th century.

tury. Our extreme rigour has, as usual, propagated vice. Nothing can be more unjust than the want of any medium between the appellation of wife, and the most degrading contempt. Infamy and vice reciprocally produce each other.

Prince Eugene.

Prince Eugene was at one time so great a favourite in England, that an old maid bequeathed to him 2500*l.*; nay, a gardener left him 100*l.* by his will.

Retort.

The French like us better abroad than here. A French ambassador said to Lord * * *, "The English are excellent when out of their island." The peer answered, with great readiness and spirit, "They have then at least the merit of being excellent somewhere."

New proof of Friendship.

Sir * * * * * was a great amateur, nay, practiser, of boxing and wrestling; and willingly imparted his knowledge to those who consulted him. A lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet started his favourite topic. The peer's politeness leading him to say that he should wish to see a specimen of the baronet's boasted skill, Sir * * * suddenly seized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up starts my lord in a rage, when the baronet addressed him

him with great gravity, "My lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you. This master-stroke I have shewn to no other person living."

Incredible Fact.

The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president Rosés, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the Abbé not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Rosés, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it."—"And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it; but I do not believe it."

Logical Puzzle.

A president of the parliament of Paris asked Langlois, the advocate, why he so often burdened himself with bad causes. "My lord," answered the advocate, "I have lost so many good ones, that I am puzzled which to take."

Easy Writing.

Easy writing is not easy reading. An author was praised, in the presence of a good judge, for the facility with which he composed; and it was added, that he was not the less modest on that account. "No," answered the critic, "that is not enough; he should be the more humble on that account."

Buffs

Busts.

When Madame de Staël was writing her *Memoirs*, a female friend asked her how she would manage when she came to characterise herself, her sensibility, and gallantries. "Oh!" answered Madame, "I shall give only a bust of myself.

In our novels, memoirs, &c. &c. we are great dealers in busts. The French, on the contrary, delight perhaps too much in whole lengths: but they have the merit of anatomising the whole of human nature, while our hypocrites mutilate the figure, and destroy all its truth.

Envy.

A French general, of a jealous and invidious character, said to the Duke D'Anguien, who had just gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi in 1643, "What can those who envy your glory say now?"—"I do not know," answered the prince; "I wish to ask you."

Forgeries.

Forged charters were common in the middle ages. I remember to have read that a monk of Soissons, in the twelfth century, being on his death-bed, confessed that he had forged many charters for different monasteries.

Pauw.

Pauw is an ingenious author, but *trop tranchant*. There are good things in his *Recherches sur*

sur les Grecs; and his idea that Sparta was a mere den of thieves, is certainly just. Their conduct to the Helots shews that they were not only thieves, but assassins; as their descendants are to this day. I cannot make out what he means when he speaks of Varro's collection of portraits, as having been engraved by that great man, and coloured by a lady called Lala. He quotes Pliny as his authority.

Truth.

In all sciences the errors precede the truths; and it is better they should go first than last.

De Coucy.

It was Raoul *Chatelain* de Coucy, and not a lord of Coucy, who was the famous lover and poet. The lady was Gabrielle de Levergies; the husband Albert, Lord of Faiel. See the Poems of de Coucy, with the old music, printed at Paris, 1781. The truth of this horrible tale seems certain: the date A. D. 1191. The poetry is very good for that period.

Farces.

About the middle of the last century a hundred crowns was paid in Paris to the author of a successful play. Till the year 1722 farces were not given after plays in France, till the eighth or ninth representation. This leading to the opinion, that a farce was a symptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe desired

desired a farce might be given after the first representation of his *Romulus*. The example became universal.

Semiramis.

The *Semiramis* of Voltaire is a grand tragedy, and the ghost is a bold effort for the French stage. At first it was coldly received; and Voltaire, seeing Piron in the tiring room, asked him what he thought of it. "I think," said Piron, "that you wish it were mine."—"I love you just enough to wish so," replied Voltaire.

Artful Question.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, Sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.

Rhime.

I believe rhime was not known in Europe till about the year 800. We seem to have had it from the Saracens, who were then possessed of Spain; and of Sicily then or soon after.

Naiveté.

Naïveté.

The Roman de la Rose has some naïf passages. Look at this:

Et encore ne fais je péché,
Si je nomme les nobles choses,
Par plein texte sans mettre gloses,
Que mon Pere de Paradis
Fit de ses propres mains jadis.

Froissart.

I wish Froissart's poems were printed. He is the only French poet of that century (the fourteenth). I find Christine de Pise, my acquaintance, had a son a chronicler and poet. He was called Castel.

Original Letter.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 15, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I am rather sorry to hear that you are going to be the editor of *another's* work, who are so infinitely better employed when composing yourself. However, as it will be on a branch of virtù that I love, I comfort myself, from your taste and accuracy, that it will be better executed than by any one else.

I will execute your commissions, but you must give me a little time. The gout has lamèd my fingers, and I cannot use them much at a time; and I doubt it has made me a little indolent too. Age, you may be sure, has not improved my sight; and Vertue's MSS. are not only a heap of immethodic confusion, but are
writ-

written in so very diminutive a hand, that many years ago, when I collected my Anecdotes from them, and had very strong eyes, I was often forced to use a magnifying glass. Should you be impatient, will you come and search those MSS. yourself? next, will you come next Sunday hither, and pass the whole day, if you please, in the examination? I do not recollect *three* medals of my father. One I think was struck by Natter, who was much patronised by my brother Sir Edward, and who also engraved two or three seals of Sir Robert's head. The consular figure on the reverse of the medal I mean, was intended for Cicero, but I believe was copied from a statue belonging to the late Earl of Leicester at Holkham; and which, if I do not mistake at this distance of time, is called Lucius Antonius. I do not know that any medal of my father was struck on any particular occasion. That I mention, and Daffier's, were honorary, as of a considerable person; and his being prime minister might have a little share in the compliment. Of Daffier I know no more than I have said in the Anecdotes of Painting. I am ignorant who has the medal of the Duchess of Portsmouth; perhaps you might learn of Mr. ***, who lives in Somerset-house. He had a great collection of modern medals, but sold them. Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire has the medal in question; you might learn of Dr. Lort, or I can ask him. Are there no modern medals in Dr. Hunter's collection? These are all the answers I am ready to give to your queries at present.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

The Devil.

In the time of Louis XIV. several ladies of rank were accused of magical practices. A duchess among them was examined by a magistrate of celebrated ugliness. She confessed that she had conversed with the devil. "Under what resemblance was he?" said the magistrate gravely. "In his own person—and he resembled you as much as one drop of water does another." Then turning to the clerk she desired him to write down her answer. The magistrate, apprehensive of the ridicule, took care to stop and suppress the examination.

Divine Favour.

In Italy, when they make processions to procure rain, and a tempest and deluge follow, they say that when Dominidio is good he is too good. A Venetian, trying to mount a horse, prayed to our Lady to assist him. He then made a vigorous spring, and fell on t'other side. Getting up and wiping his clothes, he said, "Our Lady has assisted me too much."

Old Farce.

The most ancient of the French farces, Peter Patelin, written about 1450, is full of naiveté and laughter.

Folly of Erudition.

A German has written an elaborate dissertation to prove that Cæsar never was in Gaul! Was it he, or his brother, who attempted to prove that Tacitus did not understand Latin?

Cornaro.

Cornaro on health was once a popular book. The original edition was printed at Venice 1561, 8vo.

Richlieu.

The History of the Mother and the Son is certainly written by Cardinal Richlieu, though erroneously assigned to Mezeray. In spite of all Voltaire has written to the contrary, good judges in France still think the Testament Politique of Richlieu genuine.

Brutal Affections.

The attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg: his mistress thus expressed her *compassion*: "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

Another lady kept a malicious ape, which bit one of her women so cruelly in the arm, that her life was in danger. The lady chid her ape, and told him not to bite so deep in future. The

maid lost her arm; and the marchioness dismissed her with a vague promise of a provision. The marquis blaming this inhumanity, the lady answered with great coolness, "What would you have me do with the girl? She has lost an arm."

Naiveté.

Children sometimes light on odd turns of expression. One hearing that his mother had lost a long law-suit, ran home and said, "Dear mamma, I am so glad you have *lost* that nasty process that used to plague you so."

Antient Diary.

The diary of Philip IV. of France was printed at Florence in 1746. It contains little but his expences on a journey to Flanders in 1301; but is printed from his own hand-writing in tablets of beech-wood, done over with wax.

Cæsarion.

The Cæsarion of St. Real is worth reading.

De Serres.

John de Serres, the historian of France, was the same Serranus who published Plato.

Antient French Poetry.

When I mentioned lately that Froissart was the only French poet of the fourteenth century, I was

I was mistaken. Philip de Vitry, Bishop of Meaux, about 1350, wrote the poem on the advantages of a country life: the companion is by Pierre D'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray. Vitry died in 1361, D'Ailly in 1425.

[These poems having great merit, and being very difficult to find, are reprinted in the appendix.]

Mills.

Windmills were introduced here after the crusades. Before that time hand-mills were used.

Vegetable Origins.

Turnips and carrots are thought indigenal roots of France. Our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce from Cos, a name corrupted into *gausse*. Shalots, or eschallots, from Ascalon.

I have been reading on the subject, and was struck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civilisation, which may arise from a dinner. Will you have a dessert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the chestnut from Oastana in Asia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece, as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia.

Fruit Walls.

M. D'Andilly, of Port-Royal, in 1652, published under the name of Le Gendre, *La Maniere de bien cultiver les arbres fruitieres*. In this book he first proposed the use of hot walls, as now practised.

The Elector Palatine, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the first who constructed green-houses.

Another French Royal Author.

That assassin Charles IX. of France wrote a treatise on hunting, in which he gives directions for curing the mange, and other diseases of dogs. Better to be his dog than his subject!

Fontenelle.

Wit, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country-house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce."—"But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

Carpets

Carpets.

Carpets are mentioned in the twelfth century; but they would not do for our old vast apartments, and straw was necessary for warmth.

Brantome.

Brantome is a singular and amusing writer. What a composition the first volume of his *Dames Galantes*!

In his account of the Vidame of Chartres he says, that when that lord passed to London, as one of the hostages for the performance of the treaty between England and France, he rendered himself so agreeable to King Edward (III?) that he took him with him "jusqu' au fin fonds de sauvages d'Escoffe" (to the furthest part of the highlands of Scotland). There was held a grand hunt of deer; after which the Scots pressing with clubs the game killed, in order to squeeze out the blood, ate the raw flesh with bread, and thought it delicious.

I wonder this story has escaped Mr. Pennant.

Sylphs.

From Sonnerat's *Voyages* it appears that the *grandouers* of the East Indian mythology are ærial beings of great beauty, corresponding with Pope's sylphs. There is nothing new under the sun.

Knowledge of the world.

We never think, nor say, that knowledge of the world makes a man more virtuous; it renders him more prudent, but generally at the expence of his virtue. Knowledge of the world implies skill in discerning characters, with the arts of intrigue, low cunning, self-interest, and other mean motives that influence what are called men of the world. Men of genius are commonly of a simple character: their thoughts are occupied in objects very remote from the little arts of men of the world.

Poor Human Nature.

In the year 1212, as we learn from an Italian antiquary, a general belief prevailed in Germany that the Mediterranean sea was to be dried up, that believers might pass to Jerusalem on foot. Italy was crowded with thousands of German pilgrims.

Illuminations.

Heretics were first burned in England in the reign of Henry IV. the usurper, in order to please the bishops, who assisted him in deposing Richard II.

British Cattle and Blood-bounds.

At Earl Ferrar's, Chartley, Staffordshire, the indigenal British cattle are still extant. In form they resemble a deer; and are white, except the ears

ears and tail, which are black; a black list also runs along the back.

In Neidwood forest, in the same county, blood-hounds are still reared; about the size of a mastiff, blackish back, belly reddish brown.

Original Letter.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 14, 1789.

I must certainly have expressed myself very awkwardly, dear Sir, if you conceived that I meant the slightest censure on your book; much less on your manner of treating it, which is able, and clear, and demonstrative as possible. No: it was myself, my age, my want of apprehension and memory, and my total ignorance of the subject, which I intended to blame. I never did taste or study the very ancient histories of nations. I never had a good memory for names of persons, regions, places, which no specific circumstances concurred to make me remember: and now at seventy-two, when, as is common, I forget numbers of names most familiar to me, is it possible I should read with pleasure any work that consists of a vocabulary totally new to me? Many years ago, when my faculties were much less impaired, I was forced to quit Dow's History of Indostan, because the Indian names made so little impression on me, that I went backward instead of forward; and was every minute reverting to the former page, to find about whom I was reading.

Your book was a still more laborious task to me, for it contains such a series of argumentation, that it demanded a double effort from a weak, old head; and when I had made myself

master of a deduction, I forgot it the next day, and had my pains to renew.

These defects have for some time been so obvious to me, that I never read now but the most trifling books, having often said that, at the very end of life, it is very useless to be improving one's stock of knowledge, great or small, for the next world.

Thus, Sir, all I have said in my last letter, or in this, is an encomium on your work, not a censure or criticism. It would be hard on you indeed, if my incapacity detracted from your merit.

Your arguments in defence of works of science, and deep disquisition, are most just; and I am sure I have neither power nor disposition to answer them. You have treated your matter as it ought to be treated. Profound men, or conversant in the subject, like Mr. * * *, will be pleased with it, for the very reasons that made it difficult to me. If Sir Isaac Newton had written a fairy tale, I should have swallowed it eagerly; but do you imagine, Sir, that, idle as I am, I am idiot enough to think that Sir Isaac had better have amused me, for half an hour, than enlightened mankind, and all ages?

I was so fair as to confess to you, that your work was above me, and did not divert me. You was too candid to take that ill; and must have been content with silently thinking me very silly; and I am too candid to condemn any man for thinking of me as I deserve. I am only sorry when I do deserve a disadvantageous character.

Nay, Sir, you condescend, after all, to ask my opinion of the best way of treating antiquities;

ties; and by the context I suppose you mean how to make them entertaining. I cannot answer you in one word, because there are two ways, as there are two sorts of readers. I should therefore say; to please antiquaries of judgment, as you have treated them, with arguments and proofs; but if you would adapt antiquities to the taste of those who read only to be diverted, not to be instructed, the nostrum is very easy and short. You must divert them, in the true sense of the word *diverto*; you must turn them out of the way; you must treat them with digressions, nothing, or very little, to the purpose. Yet, easy as I call this recipe, you, I believe, would find it more difficult to execute, than the indefatigable industry you have employed to penetrate chaos and extract truth. There have been professors who have engaged to adapt all kinds of knowledge to the meanest capacities. I doubt their success; at least on me. However, you need not despair; all readers are not so dull and superannuated as, dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

and sincere admirer,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Armour.

My suit of armour, that belonged to Francis I. must have been only used in tilting; it is not strong enough for battle. You see that little men may be great men: [smiling, as he was himself short in stature.]

Große I have read, (on ancient armour). I see from it that our modern painters know nothing of costume. The chain, or ring, armour was that used in the middle ages. Our artists always clap on plate-armour long before it was invented.

Wines.

Our mountain-wine comes from the mountains around Malaga. *Tinto* is *Tinto*, tinged or red wine. Sherry from Xeres (the Spanish X is pronounced *Sb* or *Ch*), in the south of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Christians and Saracens, that ended in the conquest of Spain by the latter.

Malmsey was from Malvasia in Peloponnesus. This rich wine was afterwards propagated at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira.

Engraving.

What is called *chalk-engraving* is done in little holes, with a needle—*pecking*, the chief manner of Nanteuil, is a short stroke with the graver, digging up a little bit of the copper, which is rubbed off.

Lattin.

In our old w^{at}ers *Lattin* is tin: it is a mere Italian word *latta*.

Paint-

Painting.

Mr. Gibbon has given us some curious anecdotes of painting, in the middle ages. He mentions that Constantine VIII. Emperor of Constantinople (A. D. 919), was an artist; and, what is still more extraordinary, that a castle in Germany was adorned with historical paintings of a victory.

[See Vol. X. p. 216, 8vo. The castle of Merseburg, about the year 950; and the note, whence it appears that painting was never lost in Italy.]

Naiveté.

I heard, while in France, a risible instance of naiveté and ignorance. Three young ladies, much of an age, were boarded in a convent, where they contracted a most fond friendship for each other, and made up their little resolutions never to part as long as they lived. But how contrive this, when in a few years their parents would take them out of the nunnery, to marry them to different husbands? After repeated deliberations, it was discovered that the only way of remaining in constant union was, that all the three should wed one and the same husband. Upon further inquiry and discussion this was observed to be contrary to law; and at length the wisest head of the three observed that they might all marry the Great Turk. A letter was composed in great form, the result of the choicest eloquence of all the three, explaining the tender friendship which united them, and
the

the choice they had made of him for their husband. They added, that as soon as they had received their first communion, they would set out for Constantinople; and begged that all might be prepared for their reception.

Delighted with this expedient, the three friends sent off their letter to the post-office, with this direction, *To Mr. Great Turk, at his Seraglio, Constantinople. By Lyons.* The oddity of the direction was the occasion of the letter being opened, and of the discovery of this great plot.

Size of Books.

I prefer the quarto size to the octavo; a quarto lies free and open before one. It is surprising how long the world was pestered with unwieldy folios. A Frenchman was asked if he liked books *in folio**. "No," says he, "I like books *in fructu* †."

Thames and Isis.

We talk of the Thames and the Isis. There is no such river as the Isis, either in our old geography, or in modern tradition, I mean, uneducated tradition. This Isis is a mere invention of pedantry, from the name of the *Ouse*, a stream that runs into the Thames.

Singular Title.

One of the most singular titles I know is the French house *D'O*. This family has produced seven-

* In the leaf.

† In the fruit.

several great characters, and I believe still exists. In the time of Henry IV. a M. D'O distinguished himself.

Queen Christina.

That drawing is of Christina, Queen of Sweden, in her travelling dress. You know it a good deal resembled that of a man, which made her say, when the court ladies of France crowded to kiss her on her arrival, "I do believe they take me for a gentleman."

What an infamous murder was that committed by her orders in the gallery of Fontainbleau! Had I been Louis XIV, I should have ordered her to be seized, tried, brought to the block—then pardoned, and dismissed from the kingdom.

Voltaire's Letters.

The letters between the Empress of Russia and Voltaire are the best in the large collection of his correspondence. I prefer those of the Empress to those of Voltaire.

Ecrasez l'infame was a kind of party watchword among the encyclopedists. It means *ecravez l'infame superstition*; that is, what the Roman Catholics call Christianity, and we senseless mummery. It might have been used by Luther. I see no harm in it. *Corruptio optimi pessima**.

Original

* The corruption of the best things is always the worst.

*Original Letter.**Berkley-square, Dec. 15, 1769.*

DEAR SIR,

You will probably have been surpris'd at not hearing from me so long. Indeed, I hope you will have been so, for as it has been occasioned by no voluntary neglect, I had rather you should have reproach'd me in your own mind, than have been thoughtless of me and indifferent.

The truth is, that between great misfortunes, accidents, and illness, I have pass'd six melancholy months. I have lost two of my nearest and most beloved relations, Lady Dysart and Lord Waldegrave. Her illness terminated but in September; his, besides the grievous loss of him, left me in the greatest anxiety for his widow, who thought herself at the end of her pregnancy, but was not deliver'd till above two months after his death, a fortnight ago.

In the midst of these distresses, I had two very bad falls in June and September, by which I bruised myself exceedingly, and the last of which brought on a fit of the gout. In such situations I was very incapable of entertaining any body, or even of being entertained, and saw few but of my own unhappy family; or I should have asked the favour of your company, at Strawberry-hill.

I am now pretty well, and came to town but to day, when I take the first moment of telling you so, that, whenever you come to London,

I may

I may have a chance of having the pleasure of seeing you. I am, with sincere regard and esteem, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Fish in Fashion.

When fashions are worn out at Paris, the milliners send the antiquated articles to the NORTH, that is, to Sweden or Russia. A vessel deeply laden with such merchandise was run down in the channel of St. Petersburg. Next day a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; and in the same net were found two large eod, with muslin handkerchiefs around their necks. The sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste; and hardly was there a fish that did not display some of the freshest Parisian fashions that had ever visited the North.

Church Patronage.

Every literary office, or situation, in England is in the hands of the church. The clergy even contrive to get into offices originally designed for laymen. This vast patronage is the real rock against which neither storms nor tempests shall prevail. Our clergy are by far the most learned in Europe; and many of them of the most respectable character. That they would rather make martyrs, than be martyrs, is what must be expected from human nature.

Public

Public Virtue.

The history of public virtue in this country is to be found in *protests*.

Revenge.

B. the painter, has attempted to ridicule my taste in his book. I will tell you why. He, some years ago, exhibited at the Academy a Venus, with hair about as long as from here to Windsor. I went to see the pictures before the exhibition was opened; and by some previous information B. was in the room, following my steps, and eager, as I afterwards learned, to hear my expressions of admiration at his wonderful performance. Unluckily, when I came up to this miracle of genius, I cried out, "Good God! what have we got here!" then burst out into a loud laugh, and passed on to the next. This, you know, was unpardonable. But Mr. B. should have told me that he was the man, and then I should have said nothing, and have endeavoured to look as sad as he could wish.

Late Queen of Denmark.

The poor Queen of Denmark was certainly very imprudent. I learn that she would even appear in full court in breeches; and those northern countries are rigid in the *tienfance*.

Lounging Books.

I sometimes wish for a catalogue of lounging books—books that one takes up in the gout,
low

low spirits, ennui, or when one is waiting for company. Some novels, gay poetry, odd whimsical authors, as Rabelais, &c. &c. A *catalogue raisonnée* of such might be itself a good lounging book. I cannot read mere catalogues of books; they give me no ideas.

Court Promises.

I have sent the Strawberry-hill books to the Prince of Denmark, as I was requested, except the Anecdotes of Painting; which I was forced to buy at a high price, to present to the King of Poland. I have no answer from Denmark, which I much wonder at.

Low Cunning.

It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science; and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.

Original Letter.

Berkeley-square, May 15, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

My house is so full of pictures, that I could not place a new one without displacing some other; nor is that my chief objection; I am really much too old now to be hunting for what I may have few moments to possess; and as the possessor of the picture you mention values it highly,

highly, I am not tempted to visit what would probably be very dear. The lady represented does not strike my memory as a person about whom I have any knowledge, or curiosity; and I own I have been so often drawn to go after pictures that were merely ancient, that *now*, when I am so old, and very infirm, and go out very little, you will excuse me if I do not wait on you, though much obliged to you for your proposal. I cannot go up and down stairs without being led by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me: *lust satis*.

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

Choiseul.

The Duke de Choiseul was dismissed from the ministry by the intrigues of Madame Barry, who accused him of an improper correspondence with Spain.

Symbolic Festival.

An old Dutch merchant retiring from business, with an opulent fortune, invited his city friends to dinner. They were shewn into a splendid room, and expected a corresponding banquet, when a couple of old seamen brought in the first course, consisting of herrings, fresh, pickled, and dried, served up on wooden plates, put on a blue canvas cloth. The guests stared, and did little honour to the repast; when a second course came in of salt beef and greens. This

This being taken away, a splendid festival appeared, brought in by powdered lacquies, served on damask table-clothes, and a sideboard of generous wines. The old merchant then said, "Such, gentlemen, has been the progress of our republic. We began with strict frugality, which begot wealth; and we end with luxury and profusion, which will beget poverty. It is better to be contented with the beef, that we may not be forced to return to our herrings." The guests swallowed the maxim with the banquet; but it is not said that they profited by it.

Modern Manners.

Mr. Creech has sent me his account of the changes that have taken place in Edinburgh within these twenty years. It is an amusing and instructive picture of the progress of society.

Murder of Mountfort.

Mr. Shorter, my mother's father, was walking down Norfolk-street in the Strand, to his house there, just before poor Mountfort the player was killed in that street, by assassins hired by Lord Mounhon. This nobleman, lying in wait for his prey, came up and embraced Mr. Shorter by mistake, saying, "Dear Mountfort!" It was fortunate that he was instantly undeceived, for Mr. Shorter had hardly reached his house before the murder took place.

History.

There are three kinds of history all good ; the original writers ; full and ample memoirs, compiled from them, and from manuscripts, with great exactness ; and histories elegantly written and arranged. The second step is indispensably necessary for the third ; and I am more pleased with it than with the third. It has more of truth, which is the essence of history.

Daughters of Orleans.

The Duke of Orleans, regent of France, was too familiar with both his daughters, afterwards duchesses of Modena and Berry. In consenting to the marriage of the latter, he is said to have bargained for a day or two of her company every week. When I was in Italy, in my youth, I went to a ball at Reggio, and was placed next the Duchess of Modena. This circumstance, and my being known as the son of the English minister, engaged me to say something polite, as I thought, to the Duchess. I asked her the reason why she did not dance. She answered, that her mother always said she danced ill, and would not allow her to join in that diversion. " I suppose," replied I in complete innocence, " that your mother was jealous of you." Her face was all scarlet in an instant, and she seemed ready to sink into the ground. I very hastily, withdrew, and took my politeness along with me.

New mode of Drowning.

Talking of an acquaintance, who was going to Ireland; in very rainy weather, Mr. Walpole observed, that he ran a risk of being drowned *from above.*

Wheeler Insect.

The wheeler insect is a curious microscopical object. Take a little dust of rotten timber, and a drop of water; by and by the insect appears, two horns arise on its head, and then a wheel, the velocity of which is surprising. It fails among the dust, as if amidst islands. The wheel seems intended by friction to draw in numbers of smaller insects, its food.

Tygre National.

After the French revolution Lord Orford was particularly delighted with the story of the Tygre National. A man who shewed wild beasts at Paris had a tyger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called The Royal Tyger. But when royalty, and every thing royal, was abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism; and, instead of *Tygre Royal*, put on his sign-board *Tygre National.*

The symbol was excellent as depicting those atrocities which have disgraced the cause of freedom, as much as the massacre of St. Bartholomew did that of religion. Mob of Paris, what a debt thou owest to humanity!

Madame

Madame Elizabeth.

Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. is almost a saint. On the 20th June, 1792, when the mob burst into the palace, she ran into the King's apartment; and when they called for the Queen, by the name of the Austrian strumpet, and were about to seize Elizabeth by mistake, an attendant exclaiming, "This is not the Queen," she turned round, and said, "For the love of God do not undeceive them."

The same lady, when it was said that the royal family should be recommended to a *Dieu Vengeur*, answered, "No; but to a *Dieu Protecteur*."

An Equal Marriage.

The marriage of a lady of my acquaintance was settled by two noble lords; one for her, one for her husband. When the fortune, jointure, &c. was adjusted, one peer ingenuously said, "It ought to be mentioned that there is a little spice of madness upon our side."—"There is also some on ours," answered the other." Both families had produced instances of insanity.

Original Letter.

Berkley-square, April 11, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE carefully gone through your MSS. with great delight: and, with the few trifling corrections that I have found occasion to make, I shall be ready to restore them to you whenever
it

it shall be convenient to you to call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be trusted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and two, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

Your much obliged, humble servant,

ORFORD.

Extracts from an uncommon Book.

I return you your book with thanks. I did not before know of its existence. The Princess of Conti, by whom it was written, must, I suppose, be Louisa of Lorrain, daughter of Henri le Balafre, Duke of Guise, married to the Prince of Conti in 1605. She died in 1631. Some few interesting passages I have marked.

[The passages that interested Mr. Walpole may also please the reader, and translations of them follow. The title of the scarce little book alluded to, is, *Histoire des Amours de Henry IV. avec diverses Lettres scrites a ses Maistresses, et autres Pieces curieuses.* Leyde, 1663, 12mo. Du Fresnoy, *De l'Usage des Romans*, ascribes it to Louisa of Lorraine, Princess of Conti. If so, she praises herself, p. 30, as "beautiful, and one of the most amiable young ladies of that time." She was left a widow in 1614; and may have written thus of her youthful years.

Speak-

Speaking of Henry's amour with Mademoiselle d'Estree, the fair Gabrielle, the princess mentions that the lady preferred the Duke of Bellegarde, who would have married her; and could not at first endure the King. To avoid him she withdrew from Mantes, and retired to the house of her father.

“ The king, whom his foes had never daunted, was so astonished at the anger of his mistress, that he did not know what course to follow. He thought that in waiting on her next day, he might at least mitigate her resentment; but company would not have been proper on such a journey, and if performed alone, it was highly dangerous, as the war raged through the province, and two garrisons of enemies lay on each side of the road, which was through a forest. His passion surmounted all these difficulties: the distance being seven leagues, he performed the first four on horseback, accompanied by five of his most confidential servants. He then disguised himself as a peasant, carrying a sack of straw, and walked three leagues to her residence.

“ He had found means to send her previous notice of his coming, and he found her in a gallery with her sister, who was married to the Marquis de Villars. But she was so much surprised at seeing this great monarch in such an equipage, and so dissatisfied with his disguise, which seemed to her ridiculous, that she received him very ill, and rather according to his present dress than his real character. She would not stay but a moment, and even this was only to tell him that his dress was so nauseous

scious that she could not bear to look at him. Her sister, more civil, made excuses for her coldness; and wanted to persuade him that fear of her father had alone forced Gabrielle to this abruptness."

* * * * *

" Gabrielle continued to love Bellegarde, and the king had some suspicions of it; but the smallest cares made him condemn his thoughts as criminal. A little accident had nearly taught him more. Being at one of his houses, on account of some warlike enterprise in that quarter, which engaged him to travel three or four leagues one morning, Gabrielle remained in bed, saying she was ill, while Bellegarde had pretended to go to Mantes, which was not far distant. As soon as the king was gone, Arphure, the most confidential of Gabrielle's women, introduced Bellegarde to a small cabinet, of which she alone had a key; and after her mistress had dismissed every creature from her chamber, the lover was received. Presently the King, disappointed in some research, returned much sooner than he was expected, and was very near finding what he did not seek. All that could be done was to hurry Bellegarde into Arphure's cabinet, which opened at the side of Gabrielle's bed, and which had a window looking into the garden.

" As soon as the king came in, he called for Arphure to bring him some comfits, which were kept in that very cabinet. Gabrielle said she was not at home, having asked leave to go and see some relations. " That may be,"

L

said

said Henry, "but I am not to want my comforts on that account. If Arphure be gone, the lock may be picked, or the door burst open." With this he began to kick at the door, to the infinite alarm of the lovers. Gabrielle complained of a violent head-ache, and said the noise killed her; but the king was deaf to her complaints, and continued his attempts to burst open the door.

"Bellegarde seeing there was no other remedy, threw himself from the window, and was fortunate enough to escape with little hurt, though it was at a great distance from the ground. Instantly after Arphure, who had only hid herself to avoid opening the door, entered, all in a heat, excusing herself that she did not know she would be wanted."

The death of the fair Gabrielle, created by her royal lover Duchefs of Beaufort, and destined for his wife, is thus related by the Princess of Conti.

"She came to Paris to perform the devout exercises of Easter in public, in order to convince herself a sound Catholic to the people, who did not believe her earnest in that faith. For this purpose she lodged in the cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and went to a church to hear vespers, which were there performed with grand music. She was carried in a litter, while all the princesses were in coaches; and a captain of the guards rode by the side of the litter. A chapel had been reserved for her, that she might not be too much exposed to the pressure or eyes of the crowd. Mademoiselle de Guise* was with her; and during the whole service

* Afterwards Princess of Conti, the authoress. The book abounds with passages concerning herself.

service the Duchefs of Beaufort did nothing but fhew her letters from Rome, which affured her that what ſhe deſired would be ſoon accompliſhed †. She alſo ſhewed two letters, which ſhe had that very day received from the king, ſo affectionate, and ſo full of impatience to ſee her his queen, that he told her he would diſpatch Du Frefne, one of his ſecretaries of ſtate, and wholly devoted to her, as having married one of her relations, to preſs his Holineſs to permit him to perform what he was, in all events, determined to do.

“ In ſuch prayers paſſed all the time of devotion. When ſervice was finiſhed, ſhe told Mademoiſelle de Guife that ſhe was going to bed, and begged her to come and chat with her. Thereupon ſhe mounted her litter, and Mademoiſelle de Guife her coach, which ſtopped at the duchefs’s lodgings. She was undreſſing, and complaining of a violent head-ache; and was ſoon ſeized with convulſions, from which ſhe was delivered by the force of medicine. She wanted to write to the king, but the convulſions returned; and a letter arriving from him ſhe tried to read it, but was prevented by her diſorder, which continued augmenting till her death.”

The love-letters of Henry IV. are doubtleſs genuine: they were found in the caſket of Mademoiſelle Desloges after her death. They are numerous, but only two ſhort ones ſhall be tranſlated as a ſpecimen.

† Henry’s divorce from Margaret de Valois, and marriage with her.

“The Duchess of Beaufort to Henry IV.

“I AM dying with fear : console me by letting me know how the bravest of men is : I fear he is very ill, for nothing else could deprive me of his presence. Write to me, my knight, for you know that the smallest of your mischances is death to me. Though I have twice heard tidings of you to-day, I cannot sleep without sending you a thousand good nights ; for I am not endued with an unfeeling constancy ; I am a feeling and constant princess for all that concerns you, and insensible to every thing else in the world, good or ill.”

Answer of the King to the Duchess of Beaufort.

“My heart, I this morning, on my waking, had tidings of you, which will render this a happy day. I have heard nothing from another quarter since I left you. I will not fail twice a day to remember the good graces of my dear love, for the love of whom I take more care of myself than I was accustomed to do. To-morrow you will see Cæsar (their son), a pleasure which I envy you. Love always your dear subject, who will be yours till death. With this truth I end, kissing you, as tenderly as yesterday morning, a million of times. Perone, 26 May.

At the end are some anecdotes of Henry IV.

“He was of so generous a nature, that he ordered Vitry, captain of his body-guards, to receive into his company the man who wounded
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ed him at the battle of Aumale. The Marischal d'Estrées being one day in the king's coach, while the soldier was riding by the side of it, he pointed to him, and said, "There is the soldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale."

* * * * *

"The Duke of Savoy visiting his court, he was advised to detain him, till he had restored the marquisate of Saluces, which the duke had perfidiously seized, But he answered, "The duke, indeed, violated his word, but his example shall never induce me to an act of perfidy. On the contrary, his perfidy shall render my good faith the more conspicuous."

* * * * *

"Some troops, which he sent to Germany, having committed disorders in Champagne, and pillaged some houses of the peasants, he said to some of their officers still in Paris, "Depart with all diligence, and set things to rights, else you shall answer to me. What! if my people be ruined, who is to nourish me, who is to pay the expences of the state; who pray, gentlemen, is to pay you your arrears? To injure my people is to injure myself."

"A nobleman, who had long hesitated in the time of the league which party to adopt, coming in as Henry was playing at Primero, he called out, "Come along, my lord. If we win you will be on our side."

Meagre Style.

The imitation of Tacitus, or even of Montesquieu, the attempt, in short, to express every thing in as few words as possible, may lead a young writer to a great fault, namely, the meagre and bald style, which is not, indeed, so bad as the feeble and prolix, but is nevertheless an unpleasing mode of composition. To borrow a metaphor from painting, such a style may have a correct outline, but it wants that variety, and just harmony of colouring, which delight in a composition truly valuable. Some words may be superfluous, may be introduced merely to please the ear; as in painting some tints are of no use except to set off others.

Castle of Otranto.

Lady Craven has just brought me from Italy a most acceptable present, a drawing of the castle of Otranto. Here it is. It is odd, that that back-window corresponds with the description in my romance. When I wrote it, I did not even know that there was a castle at Otranto. I wanted a name of some place in the south of Italy, and Otranto struck me in the map.

Verbal Critics.

The corrections, or rather deprivations, of the classics by the rash Lipsii, Scaligeri, &c. &c. cannot be too severely reprobated. We
now

now highly value the first editions, because they are less polluted by wanton conjectures. I hope there are but few of them in the Strawberry-hill Lucan.

I was told an odd instance of such corrections the other day. Cæsar, as published by Scaliger, says the druids of Gaul used Greek characters, the same great writer in another place says he wrote to one of his officers in Greek characters, that, if his letter fell into the enemy's hands, they might not be able to avail themselves of the intelligence. All this arises from one correction of Scaliger, who for *litteris crassis*, used by the druids in the first editions, put *litteris Græcis*.

Mr. Thynne.

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat hall.

Who never would have miscarried,

Had he married the woman he lay withall,

Or lain with the woman he married.

Two anecdotes are attached to these lines.

Miss Trevor, one of the maids of honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withall.

The woman he married was a great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Koningberg in Pall-mall.

Bossuet.

The eloquence of Bossuet's Discourse on Universal History, so highly vaunted in France, I never could taste. The work, by the bye, is so wholly occupied with Jewish and ecclesiastical affairs, that it should have been entitled, *A Discourse on Ecclesiastical History*. It is not, indeed, like Montaigne's chapter on boots, in which there is not a word about boots, but secular matters are so briefly handled, that the title is completely erroneous.

At the same time I confess that Bossuet's conduct to the meek and inoffensive Fenelon was so infamous, that I do not wish to be pleased with his writings.

Maffillon.

I am more struck with the eloquence of Maffillon than of Bossuet, or Bourdaloue. Read this specimen from a sermon which Maffillon preached before Louis XV. in his youth. What a satire on the ambition of Louis XIV.!

“Sire, if the poison of ambition reach and infect the heart of the prince; if the sovereign, forgetting that he is the protector of the public tranquillity, prefer his own glory to the love and to the safety of his people; if he would rather subdue provinces, than reign in their hearts; if it appear to him more glorious to be the destroyer of his neighbours, than the father of his people; if the voice of grief and desolation be the only sound that attends
his

his victories; if he use that power which is only given him for the happiness of those he governs, to promote his own passions and interest; in a word, if he be a king solely to spread misery, and, like the monarch of Babylon, erect the idol of his greatness on the wreck of nations; great God! what a scourge for the earth! what a present dost thou send to men, in thy wrath, by giving them such a master! His glory, Sire, will ever be steeped in blood. Some insane panegyrists may chaunt his victories, but the provinces, the towns, the villages, will weep. Superb monuments may be erected to eternise his conquests: but the ashes yet smoking of so many cities formerly flourishing; but the desolation of countries despoiled of their beauty: but the ruins of so many edifices, under which peaceable citizens have perished; but the lasting calamities that will survive him; will be mournful monuments that will immortalise his folly and his vanity: he will have passed like a torrent that destroys; not like a majestic river, spreading joy and abundance: his name will be inscribed in the annals of posterity among conquerors, but never among good kings: the history of his reign will be recollected, only to revive the memory of the evil he has done to mankind."

Oppositions.

Our opposition-parties seldom form a regular battalion. Even the leaders have often detached views. To form a firm array, even the common soldiers should be valued by the chiefs, and have their encouragements and rewards.

The scaffolding is neglected after the house is built; but the necks of the builders may be hazarded by neglecting it before.

Bookfellers.

The manœuvres of bookfelling are now equal in number to the stratagems of war. Publishers open and shut the sluices of reputation as their various interests lead them; and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications.

Politics.

In England political faction taints every thing; it even extends to literature, and the arts. We do not inquire if the production have merit, but whether the author be whig or tory. Height of absurdity! If a work interest me I care not for the author's politics, any more than I care about the colour of his clothes.

We have also a kind of court fashion, even in literature: and this was never carried to such a height as now. The most poisonous slanders are propagated, the most crooked arts employed, to injure the credit of those who follow the obnoxious tenets of our Miltons, Lockes, and Addisons!

Palatinate.

Louis XIV. after the death of Colbert, could not endure that his ministers should be men of talents

talents, He wished to have all the fame of his government.

The affair of the destruction of the Palatinate originated with Louvois. When the king received the first intelligence, that his orders had been executed, he was with Madame Maintenon. He sent for Louvois, and was so enraged at his presumption in sending orders so ruinous to his royal character, that he seized the poker, and was only prevented by Madame Maintenon from proceeding to the utmost violence.

Singular Character.

That curious whole-length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, came from Easton-Neston, the seat of the Earl of Pomfret. We shall sit down here before her, and read the equally curious portrait of her by Wilson, in his reign of James I. One feature he does not mention—that her eyes, as you see, bear some resemblance to those of a cat.

“ That morning the parliament was to begin [12 Feb. 1623]; the king missed the Duke of Richmond's attendance, who being a constant observer of him at all times, the king, as it were, wanted one of his limbs, to support the grandeur of majesty at the first solemn meeting of a parliament; and calling for him with earnestness, a messenger was dispatched to his lodgings in haste, when the king's commands, and the messenger's importunity, made the duchess his wife, somewhat unwillingly go to the duke's bed-side to awake him; who drawing the curtains found him dead in his bed.

The

The suddenness of the affright struck her with so much consternation, that she was scarce sensible of the horror of it: and it was carried with that violence to the king, that he would not adorn himself that day to ride in his glories to the parliament, but put it off to the nineteenth of February following; dedicating some part of that time to the memory of his dead servant, who might serve as a forerunner to the king, and an emblem to all his people, that in the dark caverns of man's body death often lurks, which no human prudence or providence is able to discover: for the duchess, to some of her intimates, confessed afterwards, that she found the effects of his full veins that night, that he was found dead the next morning.

“ This lady was one of the greatest, both for birth and beauty, in her time: but at first she went a step backwards, as it were, to fetch a career, to make her mount the higher. She was daughter to Thomas, Viscount Bindon, second son to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; and her mother was eldest daughter to Edward, Duke of Buckingham; both which dukes, striving to become kings, lost their heads. Her extraction was high, fit for her great mind; yet she descended so low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner's son in London, having a good estate; who dying left her childless, a young and beautiful widow. Upon whom Sir George Rodney, a gentleman in the west, (suitable to her for person and fortune), fixing his love, had good hopes from her to reap the fruits of it. But Edward, Earl of Hertford, being entangled with her fair eyes, and she having a *tang* of her grandfather's

father's ambition, left Rodney, and married the Earl.

“ Rodney having drunk in too much affection, and not being able with his reason to digest it, summoned up his scattered spirits to a most desperate attempt: and coming to Amesbury in Wiltshire (where the earl and his lady were then resident), to act it, he retired to an inn in the town, shut himself up in a chamber, and wrote a large paper, of well-composed verses, to the countess, in his own blood (strange kind of composedness), wherein he bewails and laments his own unhappiness. And when he had sent them to her, as a sad catastrophe to all his miseries, he ran himself upon his sword, and so ended that life which he thought death to enjoy, leaving the countess to a strict remembrance of her inconstancy, and himself a desperate and sad spectacle of frailty. But she easily past this over; and so wrought upon the good-nature of the earl her husband, that he settled above five thousand pounds a year jointure upon her for life.

“ In his time she was often courted by the Duke of Lennox, who presented many a fair offering to her, as an humble suppliant, sometimes in a blue coat with a basket-hilt-sword, making his addresses in such odd disguises: yet she carried a fair fame during the earl's time. After his decease, Lennox and Richmond, with the great title of dukes, gave period to her honour, which could not arrive at her mind, she having the most glorious and transcendent heights in speculation: for finding the king a widower, she vowed, after so great a prince as Richmond, “ never to be blown with the kisses,

nor

nor eat at the table, of a subject :” and this vow must be spread abroad, that the king may take notice of the bravery of her spirit. But this bait would not catch the old king, so that she missed her aim: and, to make good her resolution, she speciously observed her vow to the last.

“ When she was Countess of Hertford, and found admirers about her, she would often discourse of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; recounting the time since one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that. But if the earl her husband came in presence, she would quickly desist; for when he found her in those exaltations, to take her down, he would say, “ Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel?” which would damp the wings of her spirit, and make her look after her feet as well as gaudy plumes.

“ One little vanity of this great duchess (with your patience) may yet crowd in this little story. She was a woman greedy of fame, and loved to keep great state with little cost. For being much visited by all the great ones, she had her formality of officers and gentlemen, that gave attendance, and the advantage that none ever ate with her. Yet all the tables in the hall were spread, as if there had been meat and men to furnish them; but before eating-time (the house being voided), the linnen returned into their folds again, and all her people grazed on some few dishes. Yet, whether her actions came into fame’s fingering, her gifts were suitable to the greatness of her mind. For the Queen of Bohemia (to the christening of
whose

whose child she was a witness) had some taste of them. And being blown up by admiration for this bounty, either by her own design to magnify her merit, or by others in mockery to magnify her vanity, huge inventories of massy plate went up and down, from hand to hand, that she had given that queen; and most believed it. Yet they were but paper presents; those inventories had a *non est inventus* at the Hague: they saw the shell, the inventory; but never found the kernel, the plate. Such difference there is between solid worth, and airy paper greatness. And it is hoped these slight intermixtures will be no great transgression, because long serious things do dull the fancy."

Duke of Orleans.

Orleans, the regent, was a man of profligate character, and most unprincipled ambition. He had, before the death of Louis XIV. entered so far into a plot, I believe to place the Spanish crown on his own head, that his life was endangered, and was only saved by his duchess, daughter of the king, who exerted all her influence with her father, and with Madame de Maintenon, to procure his pardon.

Provincial Proverb.

Henry, the second Prince of Condè of that name, and father of the great Condè, wishing privately to mortgage his estate of Muret, went incognito to an adjacent village, where lived one Arnoul, a notary. The notary was at dinner, and his wife waited without in the hall till he had

had dined. The prince inquired for Arnoul. The woman answered in her patois, "Arnoul is at dinner; sit you down on the bench there: when Arnoul is at dinner, not a soul can speak with him: i'faith." The prince patiently sat down, waiting the event of Arnoul's dinner. When it was ended, he was introduced; the notary drew out the writing, leaving the names blank; and having read it aloud, asked the prince whom he did not know either in person or as proprietor of the estate, his name and designation. "They are short," answered the client. "Put Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, first prince of the blood, lord of Muret." Guess the poor notary's amazement. Throwing himself on his knees, he begged pardon for his ignorance. The prince raised him, saying, "Fear nothing, my worthy friend. Arnoul was at dinner, you know." The story spread, and became a provincial proverb; when one did not choose to be disturbed by an intrusion, "Arnoul is at dinner."

Two persons in One.

I know not how three persons may be one, but I know that one person may be two. Some there are who are quite different persons with their superiors, and with their equals and inferiors—with the former just and generous; with the latter insolent, and full of extortion and imposition.

Weather.

To talk of the weather was once a matter of ridicule. But that soon went out; for the weather

weather is, in fact, so important in this changeable climate, that our health and bread depend on it. There are also numerous classes in this island, farmers, seamen, &c. &c. whose very existence depends on the weather. It is idle to deny that the state of our spirits depends on the weather: the stoutest man cannot take exercise on a rainy day, and must feel *ennui*, because he cannot divide his time as usual. For my part I care as little for the weather as any; and I, sometimes say, that all I want is cold winters, and hot summers.

Democrats.

A fig for our democrats! [1792]. Barking dogs never bite. The danger in France arose from silent and instantaneous action. They said nothing, and did every thing—ours say every thing, and will do nothing.

Real value of Men.

A bishop of Soissons, in the twelfth century, gave for a fine horse, destined for his public entrance into the city, five villani, or slaves attached to his lands, three men, and two women. Thus a horse is a more valuable animal than a man. And so now. How many black slaves would be the price of a capital race-horse, if races were fashionable in the West-Indies?

Beards.

Francis I. of France, amusing himself with his courtiers one winter day, was struck on the chin

chin with a piece of a tile, which chanced to be taken up in a snow-ball. As the wounded part could not be shaved, he let his beard grow; and the fashion was revived, after it had been dropped for a century.

It is said, I know not with what truth, that the same prince, having lost his hair and an eye by the venereal disease, introduced the wig and the hat. The latter had before been used in riding, to cover the face from the sun; but the bonnet continued to be the ceremonial covering,

Tale.

I have been amusing myself with a history of Picardy, and shall read you off a short tale that struck me.

Thomas de Saint Valery was travelling with his wife, Adela, daughter of a Count de Ponthieu. They were attacked near a forest by eight armed men. St. Valery, after a severe struggle, was seized, bound, and thrown into a thicket. His wife was carried off, exposed to the brutality of the banditti, and afterwards dismissed in a state of nudity. She, however, sought for and found her husband, and they returned together.

They were soon after met by their servants, whom they had left at an inn; and returned to their father's castle at Abbeville. The barbarous count, full of false ideas of honour, proposed, some days after, to his daughter, a ride to his town of Rue on the sea shore. There they entered a bark, as if to sail about for pleasure; and they had stood out three leagues from the shore.

shore, when the Count de Ponthieu starting up, said with a terrible voice, "Lady, death must now efface the shame which your misfortune has brought on all your family."

The sailors, previously instructed, instantly seized her, shut her up in a hoghead, and threw her into the sea, while the bark regained the coast.

Happily a Flemish vessel passing near the coast, the crew observed the floating hoghead, and expecting a prize of good wine, took it up, opened it, and with great surprise found a beautiful woman. She was, however, almost dead, from terror and want of air; and at her earnest entreaty the honest Flemings sent a boat ashore with her. She gained her husband's house, who was in tears for her supposed death. The scene was extremely affecting—but Adela only survived it a few hours.

John, Count of Ponthieu, repenting of his crime, gave to the monks of St. Valery the right of fishing three days in the year, in and about the spot where his daughter had been thrown overboard.

Americans.

The Americans are mostly engaged in trade and plantations. Their chief object is to make money. And, in truth, money is freedom.

The New Robinson Crusoe.

Sir T. Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable

remarkable by his hunting dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims; and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting suit, to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris.

He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *M. Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, "Excuse me, Sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?"

Le Vayer.

La Mothe le Vayer was called the French Plutarch. His essays are very unlike those of Montaigne. They are regular, and abound with an uncommon mixture of learning and good sense.

Rousseau's Absurdities.

Rousseau's ideas of savage life are puerile. He is equally absurd in supposing that no people can be free, if they entrust their freedom to representatives. What is every body's business is nobody's business. The people would soon be sick of such freedom; they must attend to their own private business, else they could not live. The people of France are easily electrified. We are too solid for such dreams.

dreams. Amber may draw straws: we do not gravitate so easily.

Real Apparition.

The castle of Ardivillers, near Breteuil, was reported to be haunted by evil spirits. Dreadful noises were heard, and flames were seen by night to issue from various apertures. The farmer who was entrusted with the care of the house, in the absence of its owner the President d'Ardivillers, could alone live there. The spirit seemed to respect him; but any person who ventured to take up a night's lodging in the castle, was sure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superstition, you know, is catching. By and by the peasants in the neighbourhood began to see strange sights. Sometimes a dozen of ghosts would appear in the air above the castle, dancing a brawl. At other times a number of presidents, and counsellors in red robes, appeared in the adjacent meadow. There they sat in judgment on a gentleman of the country, who had been beheaded for some crime a hundred years before. Another peasant met in the night a gentleman related to the president, walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were seen to caress each other, and then vanished. As they were both alive, perhaps they were obliged to the devil for preventing scandal. In short, many had seen, and all had heard, the wonders of the castle of Ardivillers.

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This affair had continued four or five years, to the great loss of the president, who had been obliged to let the estate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length, suspecting some artifice, he resolved to visit and inspect the castle.

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to pass the night in the same apartment: and if any noise or apparition disturbed them, to discharge their pistols at either ghost or sound. As spirits know all things, they were probably aware of these preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber just above a dreadful rattling of chains was heard; and the wife and children of the farmer ran to assist their lord. They threw themselves on their knees, begging that he would not visit that terrible room. "My lord," said they, "what can human force effect against people of t'other world? M. de Pecancour attempted the same enterprise, years ago, and he returned with a dislocated arm. M. D'Urfelles tried too; he was overwhelmed with bundles of hay, and was ill for a long time after." In short, so many attempts were mentioned, that the president's friends advised him to abandon the design.

But they determined to encounter the danger themselves. Proceeding up stairs to an extensive room, each having a candle in one hand, and a pistol in the other, they found it full of thick smoke, which increased more and more from some flames that were visible. Soon after the ghost, or spirit, faintly appeared in the middle: he seemed quite black, and was amusing himself with cutting capers: but another eruption

tion of flame and smoke hid him from their view. He had horns and a long tail; and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. "This is certainly supernatural," said he; "let us retire." The other, endued with more boldness, asserted that the smoke was that of gunpowder, which is no supernatural composition; "and if this same spirit," added he, "knew his own nature and trade, he should have extinguished our candles.

With these words he jumps amidst the smoke and flames, and pursues the spectre. He soon discharged his pistol at his back, and hit him exactly in the middle, but was himself seized with fear, when the spirit, far from falling, turned round and rushed upon him. Soon recovering himself, he resolved to grasp the ghost, to discover if it were indeed aerial and impassible. Mr. spectre, disordered by this new manœuvre, rushed to a tower, and descended a small staircase.

The gentlemen ran after; and, never losing sight of him, passed several courts and gardens, still turning as the spirit wined, till at length they entered an open barn. Here the pursuer, certain, as he thought, of his prey, shut the door; but when he turned round, what was his amazement to see the spectre totally disappear!

In great confusion he called to the servants for more lights. On examining the spot of the spirit's disappearance, he found a trap-door, upon raising which several mattresses appeared, to break the fall of any headlong adventurer.

Descend-

Descending he found the spirit himself—the farmer himself.

His dress, of a complete bull's hide, had secured him from pistol shot; and the horns and tail were not diabolic, but mere natural appendages of the original. The rogue confessed all his tricks; and was pardoned, on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

King and Republic.

I have sometimes thought that a 'squire and a vestry were a king and republic in miniature. The vestry is as tyrannic, in its way, as the 'squire in his. Any power necessarily leads to abuses of that power. It is difficult to stop any *impetus* of nature.

Learning Encouraged.

I was told a droll story concerning Mr. Gibbon, t'other day. One of those bookfellers in Paternoster-row, who publish things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-Street, sent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a history of England, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack at them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement."

As soon as Gibbon recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to shew this encourager of learning down stairs.

A Day

A Day of Henry IV.

Equally with painted portraits of memorable persons, I admire written portraits, in which the character is traced with those minute touches, which constitute life itself. Of this sort is the domestic portrait of Henry IV. of France, delineated in a page or two of the original memoirs of Sully.

[The most striking passages follow; but it is impossible for a translation to represent the old emphatic simplicity of the original.]

“ You must know that one day his majesty being healthy, light-hearted, active, and in good humour, on account of diverse fortunate incidents in his domestic affairs, and of agreeable news received from foreign nations, and from the provinces of his kingdom; and perceiving the morning fine, and every appearance of a serene day, he arose early, to kill partridges with his hawks and falcons, with the design of returning so soon as to have them dressed for his dinner; for he said he never found them so nice and tender, as when they were thus taken, especially when he himself snatched them from the birds of prey. In which all things having succeeded to his wish, he returned when the heat of the day became troublesome; so that being come to the Louvre, with the partridges in his hand, and having ascended to the great hall, he perceived at the further end Varenne and Coquet, who were chatting together in expectation of his return, to whom he called aloud, “ Coquet, Coquet, you shall have no occasion to pity our dinner; for Ro-

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quelaure,

quelaure, Termes, Frontenac, Harambure, and I, bring wherewith to treat ourselves: quick, quick, order the cook to spit them; and, after giving them their shares, see that there be eight for my wife and me. Bonneüil here shall carry her her share; and tell her I am going to drink to her health. See that you take for me those that have been a little nipped by the hawks; for there are three large ones, which I myself took from them, and which are not touched at all."

As the king was talking thus, and seeing the game shared, he saw Clielle come, with his great staff, and by his side Parfait, who bore a large gilt bason, covered with a fair napkin, and who from a distance began to call, "Sire, embrace my thigh; Sire, embrace my thigh; for I have got plenty, and nice ones they are. Which the king hearing, he said to those around him, "Here comes Parfait in high glee: this, I warrant you, will add another inch of fat to his ribs. I see he brings me excellent melons, and am glad of it, for I shall eat a bellyfull; as they do not hurt me when they are very good, when I eat them while I am very hungry, and before meat, as my physicians prescribe. But you four shall have your shares. So don't run after your partridges, till you have had your melons; which I shall give you, after I have chosen my wife's share and mine, and two which I have promised."

When the king had divided the partridges and melons, he went to his chamber, where he gave two melons to two lads at the door, and whispered some words in their ear. Then passing on, as he was in the midst of his great chamber,

chamber, he saw come out of the falcon-closet, Fourey, Beringuen, and La Fonts, the last carrying a large parcel wrapped up, to whom he called, "La Fonts, do you too bring me something for my dinner?"—"Yes, Sire," answered Beringuen; "but it is cold food, and only fit for the eye."—"I want none such," replied the king, "for I am dying with hunger, and must dine before I do any thing. Meanwhile I shall sit down to table, and eat my melons, and take a glass of muscat. But La Fonts, what the deuce have you there, so well wrapped up?"—"Sire," said Fourcy, "they are designs for patterns of diverse sorts of stuffs, carpets, and tapestry, in which your best manufacturers mean to rival each other." "Very good," said the king; "that will do to shew my wife after dinner. And, faith, now I think of a man (Sully) with whom I don't always agree, especially when what he calls baubles and trifles are in question . . . and who says often that nothing is elegant that costs double its real value . . . Go you, Fourcy, send for him now: let one of my coaches go, or ours."

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"Sire," said Sully to the king, "your majesty speaks to me so kindly, that I see you are in good humour, and better pleased with me than you were a fortnight ago."—"What," answered Henry, "do you still remember that? That is not my way. Don't you know that our tiffs should never last more than twenty-four hour? And I know that the last did not prevent you from setting about a good affair for

my finances, the very next morning; which joined with other things, great and small, which I shall tell you, have put me in this joyous humour. The chief is that, for these three months, I have not found myself so light and active as to-day; having mounted my horse without steps or assistance. I have had a fine hunt; my falcons have flown well; and my greyhounds have run so that they have taken three large hares. I thought I had lost my best goshawk; it was brought back. I have a good appetite; I have eaten excellent melons; and half-a-dozen quails have been served up at my table, the fattest and most tender that I ever saw. I have intelligence from Provence that the troubles of Marseilles are quite appeased; and like news from other provinces. And, besides, that never was year so fertile; and that my people will be greatly enriched, if I open the exportation. St. Anthoine writes to me that the prince of Wales (Henry son of James I.) is always talking to him of me, and promises you his friendship on my account. From Italy I learn that I shall have the satisfaction, the honour, and glory, of reconciling the Venetians with the Pope. Bongars writes to me from Germany, that the new king of Sweden is more and more esteemed by his new subjects; and that the Landgrave of Hesse gains me every day new friends, allies, and assured servants. Buzenval writes to Villeroy that the event of the sieges of Ostend and Sluys having proved good and evil to both parties, the excessive expenditure of money, the great loss of men, and vast consumpt of ammunition, on both sides, have reduced them to such weakness

ness and want, that they will be equally constrained to listen to a peace, or truce; of which I must necessarily be the mediator and guardian: a fair opening to my wishes of composing all differences between Christian princes."

"Besides," continued the king, "to increase my content in all these good news, behold me at table, surrounded by worthy men, of whose affection I am secure; and whom you judge capable, I know, of entertaining me with useful and pleasing conversation, which will save me from thoughts of business, till I have finished my dinner; for then will I hear every body, and content them, if reason and justice can."

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After this, the king rising from table, went to meet the queen, who was leaving her chamber to go to her cabinet. As soon as he saw her at a distance he called out. "Well, *m'amie* did not I send you excellent melons, excellent partridges, excellent quails? If you had as good an appetite as I, you must have done them justice, for I never ate so much; nor for a long time have I been in such a good humour as to-day. Ask Sully, he will tell you the reason; and will repeat to you all the news I have received, and the conversation that passed between him and me, and three or four others."

"Indeed, *Sire*," answered the queen, "then we are well met to-day, for I never was more gay, nor in better health, nor dined with better appetite. And to prolong your joy and gladness, and mine too, I have prepared for you a

ballet and comedy of my invention; but I will not deny that I have been assisted, for Duret and La Clarelle have not stirred from my side all this morning, while you were at the chace. The ballet will represent, as they have told me, the happiness of the golden age; and the comedy, the most amusing pastimes of the four seasons of the year."

"*M'amie*," replied the king, "I am delighted to see you in such good humour, pray let us always live thus. But that your ballet and comedy may be well danced, and well seen, they must be performed at Sully's, in the great hall, which I desired him to build expressly for such purposes; and he shall see that none are admitted, except those who bring orders to that effect. At present I wish to shew you the patterns of tapestry that Fourcy has brought, that you may tell me your opinion."

Historical Chapters.

I believe it was Hume who introduced, or revived, those long heterogeneous things, called *chapters*, in modern history. Do you remember any ancient history in chapters?

A. Yes, Sir; Florus for one.

True: but they were real chapters, heads, *capita*, very short. Livy and Dio, you know, have about fifty books each*. Guicciardini is in books: all classical histories are in books. Gibbon says, that if he came to give a complete revision, and new edition, of his work, he would call his chapters books. How would you

* Dio has eighty.

you like Milton's Paradise Lost in chapters? The very idea is a solecism, whether in verse or prose.

Atheism the offspring of Fanaticism.

These horrible affairs in France are the offspring of fanaticism. Yes, Sir; if the reformation had taken place there, as well as here, religion and the clergy would have been respected, as they are here. Fanatics make atheists. If I cannot believe in God, without my reason abjures the deity. I wish religion to exist: it is of infinite use to society, and I therefore wish it to be as rational as possible. A synod of the English church might order several objectionable tenets, and expressions, of our worship to be altered. I love those reformations that prevent revolutions, by keeping pace with the gradual progress of reason and knowledge.

Abdication of Philip of Spain.

The abdication of Philip V. of Spain is one of the oddest events of this century. Yet he, or rather his queen, still directed public affairs after their retreat to St. Idesonso.

She was an artful woman; and it is supposed that the abdication was but a step to the succession to the French throne, expected on the death of Louis XV. who, when a boy, was very weakly, and not expected to live.

[This was in 1724. But the king, his son, dying of the small-pox, in six or seven months

after his coronation, Philip V. resumed the sceptre, which he held till 1746.]

A Compliment of State.

The Duke of Bourbon demanded one of the grand-daughters of George I. as a wife for Louis XV. The old king was pleased with the proposal; but answered, as was expected, that the laws of the country prevented such an alliance.

The French court knew this: but the offer was highly flattering; and this was its sole intention.

Portrait of Ninon.

I was desirous to have a portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos: and now that I have it I don't like it. She tries to look charming, you see, and she looks tipsy.

Lachrymatories.

The idea that lachrymatories, so called, were used for collecting tears at Roman funerals, seems to pass away. Some have been found with stoppers, and retaining a faint smell of the perfumes lodged in them—their real destination.

Bourbon.

The Duke of Bourbon, who succeeded Orleans the regent, in the management of French affairs, during the minority of Louis XV. was
but

but a weak man; and was ruled by his mistress Madame de Prye, herself a weak woman. Her portrait, which I have in crayons, seems to confirm the insipidity of her character, but shews that she was beautiful.

The duke had another mistress, a Madame Tessier, a woman of the most infamous character.

I suppose the marriage of Louis XV. to the daughter of Stanislaus, the dethroned king of Poland, to have proceeded from female intrigues. The princess was so much unprepared for this high honour, that Madame de Prye was obliged to send her shifts and gowns.

Devotion of Louis XIV.

In his old age Louis XIV. was either led by his own superstition, or by the artifices of his wife Maintenon, to an excess of devotion. His courtiers, as usual, rivalled him in weakness; and some of them, it is said, would take the sacrament twice in a day.

Dubois.

The infamous Abbé, afterwards Cardinal, Dubois was a proper coadjutor for the Regent Orleans. When the latter was young, Dubois was introduced by St. Laurent to teach him Latin; and the abbé availed himself of this opportunity to flatter his pupil's passions, and give him lessons of early depravity.

Soon as D'Estrees, Archbishop of Cambrai, died, Dubois ran to the regent, whom he found in bed with Emily, an opera girl. The duke

immediately consented to appoint this worthy ecclesiastic to the vacant archbishopric; and a solemn oath by all the charms of Emily sanctioned the claim of Dubois.

Splendid Miser.

Rossi's Pinacotheca is a curious collection of biographic portraits in miniature. One of them, a Greek, and a splendid miser, would form a dramatic character.

[Alluding to Dichæus Dichæanus. As the book is little known, some extracts from that singular piece of biography may serve to diversify this lounging farrago.

Dichæus Dichæanus was brought to Rome from Greece, when a boy, by his father, a silversmith. As he grew to manhood, he became remarkable for the solemnity of his demeanour, and the fordidness of his disposition; which, however, did not prevent his being chosen, or appointed, one of the municipal judges of that city.

In this public character his singularities became the more noted; and his violence of temper was no valuable characteristic of the magistrate.

One day an advocate came to him to explain the suit of a client, and to request a speedy decision. In the course of the conversation the advocate shewed such superior skill in the law, and such pre-eminence in argument, that Dichæus became very angry, and evinced that he at least excelled in bodily strength, by knocking down the advocate. Scarcely had Dichæus re-
sired

lured into another room, when one of his fellow-judges, arrayed in similar garments, entered: and the advocate, by an unfortunate mistake, avenged upon his carcass the drubbing he had received from our judge.

But his most singular oddity was an attempt to unite the opposite characters of great parsimony, and magnificent appearance, which last he thought himself obliged to maintain, as he claimed a descent from the Byzantine emperors.

From his father he inherited many elegant articles of furniture, and particularly an expensive sideboard of plate. The table was spread twice a day, as if for grand entertainments; and the servants were sent out with silver dishes and covers, which, after passing a few streets, they brought back empty as they went out; while their master, amidst all this shew, was dining on cheap vegetables, or sometimes a morsel of pork or mutton. His supper, thus splendidly arrayed, was an egg, or a few olives, with a gill of four wine.

After his miserable meals, every particle of bread that fell was carefully gathered, and preserved to enrich the soup of a future day.

To his cook wood was given out by measure, and he was charged to lend nothing to any neighbour, upon pain of forfeiting a day's wages.

In the evening six grand silver candlesticks were brought into his apartment. If any visitor came in, Dichæus lighted one of the candles; then walking about the room he lighted another, and extinguished the first; and so on, till the sixth candle had its turn. Beyond this
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he permitted no visit to last, but dismissed his company, and withdrew to his bedroom, where a little lamp alone enlightened the darkness.

When he went out his servants attended him in rich liveries; but on their return they were ordered to resume their own clothes, that they might not wear out the splendour of their master. His coachman once doubling his cloke under him, Diçæus stopped his chariot in the midst of Rome, and alarmed the city by his threats and imprecations.

Sometimes, for the greater state, two fellows were hired to attend him, whom he dressed out in silken robes, and on his return stripped and dismissed.

In the winter no fire was permitted, except in the kitchen. His servants were ordered to walk in the sun, or if the sky were cloudy, to run races, or draw water from a deep well, that they might be warmed without the expence of fire. He himself was shut up in his bedroom, over a miserable spark, sustained by all the dirty and waste paper, which he had carefully collected during the other seasons of the year.

During his last sickness, when he was puzzled to whom he should bequeath his property, a letter came from a relation, written on an inch of paper. Instead of being enraged at such disrespect, his avarice got the better of his pride, and he declared the writer his heir, esteeming him worthy to be his successor in parsimony.]

Act of Friendship.

A Cambridge gentleman, of undoubted veracity, told me a story, which he had from a young

young man, whose father, a miller in that neighbourhood, was the person concerned. This miller, about three o'clock in a summer morning, was driving his cart along an old track, rather than road, near Cambridge, and the young man, then a boy, with him. The wheel suddenly sinking in, they freed the cart, and perceived that the wheel had broken the top of a little kind of brick-vault. This exciting their curiosity, they opened more of the vault, and found large pieces of iron, and some smaller under them of a yellow metal. Suspecting it to be gold, they picked it up carefully.

Soon after a friend of theirs going to London, they desired him to sell those bits of yellow metal; and he brought them thirty pounds as their share, after deducting expences. However, this false friend, soon after kept race-horses, and went into different kinds of extravagance, living at a great rate for a short time. But not being successful, he died of what is called a broken heart, and confessed on his death-bed, that he had received nine hundred pounds for the gold.

Impious Piety.

The name of God has often been oddly misapplied. I have got a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. and was probably used for the beds of his mistresses. It is inscribed, *Serve God, and live for ever.*

Painting on Velvet.

That is a specimen of a newly-invented art of painting on velvet. You may sit on it,

it, rub it, brush it, and it is never the worse.

Queen of James II.

Lord Hailes is very rich in anecdotes. He is now in town, but I was shocked to see him; he is so ill with a paralytic complaint that he can hardly speak. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when ambassador in France, shewed marks of respect to the exiled queen of James II. She sent to thank him, and to say, that she had received less attention, where she had reason to expect more.

Stair said that the queen bitterly lamented the misconduct of her husband, and imputed the whole blame to Father Petre.

Miniatures.

The chief boast of my collection is the portraits of eminent and remarkable persons, particularly the miniatures, and enamels; which, so far as I can discover, are superior to any other collection whatever. The works I possess of Isaac and Peter Oliver are the best extant; and those I bought in Wales for 300 guineas are as well preserved as when they came from the pencil.

Strawberry-Hill.

The name Strawberry-hill was not, as some suppose, a modern appellation. In the old leases it is named Strawberry-hill Shot. The house was built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodging-

lodging-house; and some people of rank lived in it before it came to me.

Reynolds.

Sir Joshua Reynolds gets avaricious in his old age. My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtless very fine and graceful; but it cost me 800 guineas.

Ananas.

The culture of pine-apples was certainly known in England in the time of Charles II. as that picture on my right hand shews. It represents Rose the gardener presenting a pine-apple to Charles; and the likeness of the king is too marked, and his features too well known, to leave any room for doubt.

Original Letter.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 19, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not use many words, but enough I hope to convince you that I meant no irony in my last. All I said of you, and of myself, was very sincere. It is my true opinion that your understanding is one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest, I ever knew; and as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of all sound deep application, to all abstract science and abstract speculation, I should have been foolish and very partial,

partial, if I had attempted to sneer at you or your pursuits. Mine have always been light, trifling, and tended to nothing but my casual amusement—I will not say, without a little vain ambition of shewing some parts, but never with industry sufficient to make me apply them to any thing solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory. In my latter age I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings—I felt how insignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius*, I only added one name more to a list of writers; but had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without. These reflections were the best proofs of my sense, and when I could see through my own vanity, there is less wonder at my discovering that such talents, as I might have had, are impaired at seventy-two. Being just to myself, I am not such a coxcomb as to be unjust to you. Nor did I cover any irony towards you in the opinion I gave you of making deep writings palatable to the mass of readers. Examine my words, and I am sure you will find that if there was any thing ironic in my meaning, it was levelled at your readers, not at you. It is my opinion that whoever wishes to be read by many, if his subject is weighty and solid, he must treat the majority with more than is to his purpose. Do not you believe that twenty name Lucretius, because of the poetic commencements of his books, for five that wade through his philosophy?

I promised.

* Too modest. The author of the Mysterious Mother was undoubtedly a man of genius—as well as of wit and genuine taste.

I promised to say but little—and if I have explained myself clearly, I have said enough. It is not my character to be a flatterer. I do most sincerely think you capable of great things; and I should be a pitiful knave if I told you so, unless it was my opinion. And what end could it answer to me? Your course is but beginning—mine is almost terminated. I do not want you to throw a few daisies on my grave*; and if you make the figure I augur you will, I shall not be a witness to it. Adieu! Dear Sir, pray believe me, what I am,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* ————— sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver.

Gentle spirit, the interested arts and insinuations that misled thy two last years of extreme old age, when even talents glimmer ere they die, shall never injure the impressions of gratitude.

A P P E N D I X.

A R T I.

LIST OF BOOKS PRINTED AT STRAW-
BERRY-HILL.

- O**DES by Mr. Gray, 1757. 1100, 4to.
Part of Hentzner, 12mo. 1757. 220.
Royal and Noble Authors, 12mo. 1758. 300.
Fugitive Pieces, ditto. 200
Whitworth's Russia ditto. 700.
Spence's Parallel, ditto. 700.
Bentley's Lucan, 4to. 1759. 500.
Anecdotes of Painting, 1761. 600.
Second Edition, ditto.
Herbert's Life, 4to. 1764. 200.
Lady Temple's Poems, 1764. 100.
Cornelie Tragedie, 12mo. 1768, 200, 150,
went to Paris.
Mysterious Mother, 12mo. 1768. 50 copies.
Hoyland's Poems, 12mo. 1769. 300.
Memoires.

Memoires de Grammont, 4to. 1771. 100. 30
to Paris.

Letters of Edward VI. 4to. 1771. 200.

Miscellaneous Antiquities, 4to. 1772. 1500.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Dorinda, and Fox's verses
to Mrs. Crew, 1775. 300.

The sleepwalker Com. 1778. 75 copies.

Letter to Editor of Chatterton, 1779. 200.

Mr. Miller's Verses to Lady Horace Walde-
grave, 1780. 150.

Fourth Vol. Anecdotes of Painting. 600, 1.
Printed in 1770, not Published till 1780.

Mr. Jones's Ode on Lord Althorp's Marriage,
1781. 250.

Letter from Thomas Walpole, 4to. 1781.
120.

Translation by the Duke of Nivernois, 1785-
400. 200 went to Paris.

This list of the strawberry-hill books was copi-
ed in Mr. Walpole's presence.

A R T. II.

THE OLD FRENCH POEMS REFERRED TO,
VOL. II. p. 73.

*Combien est heureuse la vie de Celuy qui fait sa
demeure aux champs, par Philippe de Vitrac,
Evesque de Meaux.*

Sous feuille verte, sur herbe delectable,
Sur ruy bruyant, et sur claire fontaine,
Trouvay fichée une borde portable,
La mangeoit Gontier avec dame Helene.

Frais fromage, laiçt, beurre fromagée,
Crême, maton, prune, noix, pomme, poire,
Cibot, oignon, escalogne froyee,
Sur crouste bise, au gros sel, pour mieux boire.

Au goumer beurent, et oifillons harpoyent,
Pour rebaudir et le dru et la drue ;
Qui par amours depuis s'entrebaifoyent,
Et bouche et née, et polie et barbuc.

Quand eurent prins des doux mets de nature,
Tantost Gontier, hache au col, au bois entre :
Et dame Helene si mit toute sa cure
A ce buer* qui coeuurs dos et ventre.

J'oui Gontier, en abbattant son arbre,
Dieu mercier de sa vie tres seure :
" Ne scay, dit il, que soint piliers de marbre,
" Pommeaux luifans, mure vestue de pein-
cture.

*To wash lincn.

“ Je n'ay paour de trahison, tiffue
“ Sous bien semblant ; ne qu'empoisonné foye
“ En vaisseau d'or. Je n'ay la teste nue
“ Devant tyran, ny genouil qui se ploye.

“ Vergè d'huiffier jamais ne me deboute,
“ Car jusques la ne me prend convoitise.
“ Ambition ne lescherie gloute :
“ Labour me paist en joyeuse franchise.

“ J'aym dame Heleine, et elle moy sans faille,
“ Et c'est assez : de tombel n'avons cure.”
Lors dis, Helas ! Serf de cour ne vaut maille !
Mais franc Gontier vaut en or gemme pure !

*Combien est miserable la vie du Tyran : par
Pierre d'Alliac, Evêque de Cambrai.*

UN chasteau scay sur roche espouventable,
En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuse :
La vy tyrân, seant a haute table,
En grand palais, en sale plantureuse.

Environné de famille pompeuse,
Pleine de fraude, d'envie, et de murmure ;
Vuide de foy, d'amour, de paix joyeuse,
Serve subjecte par convoiteuse ardeur.

Vins et viandes avoit il fans mesure,
Chairs et poissons occis en mainte guise ;
Froucts, et fausses de diverse teincture,
Et entremets faicts par art a devise.

Le mal glouton par tous guerte et advise,
Pour apetit trouver, et quiert maniere
Comment sa bouche, de lescherie esprise,
Son ventre emplisse comm'bourse pantonniere.

Mais sac à fiene, pulente cimetiere,
Sepulcre à vin, corps bouffi, crasse pansé,
Pour tous ses biens en foy n' alie chiere,
Car ventre saoul n'a en faveur plaifance.

Ne le delite, jeu, ris, bał, ne danse,
Car tant convoite, tant quiert, et tant desire,
Qu'en rien qu'il ayt n'a vraye suffisance ;
Acquerir veut ou Royaume ou Empire.

Pour

Pour avarice sent douloureux martire ;
Trahison doute, en nully ne se fie :
Cœur a felon, enflé d'orgueil et d'ire,
Triste, pensif, plein de melancolie.

Las, trop mieux vaut de franc Gontier la vie,
Sobre lieffe, et nette poureté,
Que pourfuyvir, par orde gloutonnie,
Cour de tyran, riche matheureté !

A R T :

A R T. III.

Two Letters from Horace Walpole to the Earl of Buchan.

L E T T E R I.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 13. 1781.

I AM truly sensible of, and grateful for, your lordship's benevolent remembrance of me, and shall receive with great respect and pleasure, the collection your lordship has been pleased to order to be sent to me. I must admire too, my lord, the generous assistance that you have lent to your adopted children; but more forcibly than all I feel your pathetic expressions on the distress of the public, which is visible even in this extravagant and thoughtless city. The number of houses to be let in every street, whoever runs may read. At the time of your writing your letter, your lordship did not know the accumulation of misfortune and disgrace that has fallen on us; nor should I wish to be the trumpeter of my country's calamities. Yet as they must float on the surface of the mind, and blend their hue with all its emanations, they suggest this reflection, that there can be no time so proper for the institution of inquiries into past story as the moment of the fall of an empire—a nation becomes a theme for antiquaries, when it ceases to be one for an historian!—and while its ruins are fresh and in legible preservation.

I congratulate your lordship on the discovery of the Scottish monarch's portrait in Suabia, and
am

am sorry you did not happen to specify of which; but I cannot think of troubling your lordship to write again on purpose; I may probably find it mentioned in some of the papers I shall receive.

There is one passage in your lordship's letter, in which I cannot presume to think myself included, and yet if I could suppose I was, it would look like most impertinent neglect and unworthiness of the honour that your lordship and the society has done me, if I did not at least offer very humbly to obey it. You are pleased to say, my lord, that the members, when authors, have agreed to give copies of such of their works as any way relate to the objects of the institution. Amongst my very trifling publications, I think there are none that can pretend even remotely to that distinction, but the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and the Anecdotes of Painting, in each of which are Scottish authors or artists. If these should be thought worthy of a corner on any shelf of the society's library, I should be proud of sending, at your lordship's command, the original edition of the first. Of the latter I have not a single set left but my own. But I am printing a new edition in octavo, with many additions and corrections, though without cuts, as the former edition was too dear for many artists to purchase. The new I will send when finished, if I could hope it would be acceptable, and your lordship would please to tell me by what channel.

I am ashamed, my lord, to have said so much, or any thing, relating to myself. I ask your

N

pardon

pardon too for the slovenly writing of my letter, but my hand is both lame and shaking, and I should but write worse if I attempted transcribing. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

and obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. 8. It has this moment started into my mind, my lord, that I have heard that at the old castle at Ambigny, belonging and adjoining to the Duke of Richmond's house, there are historic paintings or portraits of the ancient house of Lenox. I recollect too that Father Gordon, superior of the Scots college at Paris, shewed me a whole length of Queen Mary, young, and which he believed was painted while she was Queen of France. He shewed me too the original letter she wrote the night before her execution, some deeds of Scottish kings, and one of King (I think Robert) Bruce, remarkable for having no seal appendant, which, Father Gordon said, was executed in the time of his so great distress that he was not possessed of a seal. I shall be happy if these hints lead to any investigation of use.

W. P.

Letter. II.

Strawberry-bill, May 12, 1783.

MY LORD,

I did not know, till I received the honour of your lordship's letter, that any obstruction had been given to your charter. I congratulate your lordship and the society on the defeat of that opposition, which does not seem to have been a liberal one. The pursuit of national antiquities has rarely been an object, I believe, with any university; why should they obstruct others from marching in that track? I have often thought the English Society of Antiquaries have gone out of their way when they meddled with Roman remains, especially if not discovered within our island. Were I to speak out, I should own that I hold most reliques of the Romans, that have been found in Britain, of little consequence, unless relating to such emperors as visited us. Provincial armies stationed in so remote and barbarous a quarter as we were then, acted little, produced little worth being remembered. Tombstones erected to legionary officers and their families, now dignified by the title of *Inscriptions*; and banks and ditches that surrounded camps, which we understand much better by books and plans, than by such faint fragments, are given with much pomp, and tell us nothing new. Your lordship's new foundation seems to proceed on a much more rational and more useful plan. The biography of the illustrious of your country will be an honour to Scotland, to those illustrious, and to

the authors; and may contribute considerably to the general history; for the investigation of particular lives may bring out many anecdotes that may unfold secrets of state, or explain passages in such histories as have been already written; especially as the manners of the times may enter into private biography, though before Voltaire *manners* were rarely weighed in general history, though very often the sources of considerable events. I shall be very happy to see such lives as shall be published, while I remain alive.

I cannot contribute any thing of consequence to your lordship's meditated account of John Law. I have heard many anecdotes of him, though none that I can warrant, particularly that of the duel for which he fled early. I met the other day with an account in some French literary gazette, I forget which, of his having carried off the wife of another man, Lady Catherine Law his wife lived, during his power in France, in the most stately manner. Your lordship knows to be sure that he died and is buried at Venice. I have two or three different prints of him, and an excellent head of him in crayons by Rosalba, the best of her portraits. It is certainly very like, for were the flowing wig converted into a female head-dress, it would be the exact resemblance of Lady Wallingford, his daughter, whom I see frequently at the Duchess of Montrose's, and who has by no means a look of the age to which she is arrived. Law was a very extraordinary man, but not at all an estimable one.

Dr. Hunter's magnificent future donation will be a great addition to the collection of curiosities

riofities in Scotland, though, I suppose, not much connected with the pursuits of your society: but it will gratify the thirst of knowledge which does your country, my lord, so much honour.

I shall wish much to see Lord Hailes's life of Barclay, and the other of James Ist. when finished, and that of the regent Murray. May I ask your lordship if there is any portrait known of the last?

I don't remember whether I ever told your lordship that there are many charters of your ancient kings preserved in the Scots college at Paris, and probably many other curiosities. I think I did mention many paintings of the old house of Lenox in the ancient castle at Aubigny. Was not one of your countrymen, my lord, constable of France? I suspect my memory is worse than it was, and therefore you will excuse me both if I make mistakes, forget names, or repeat what I have said before, when zeal to obey your commands draws me into blunders or tautology. I have the honour to be

Your lordship's

Most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

ART. IV.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR anecdote concerning Lady Wortley Montague, containing the assertion—"When the publication was about to take place, Lord Bute, who had married her daughter, sent for the editor, and offered one hundred pounds to suppress them. The man took the money, promised—and published"—is a gross mistake. My worthy and intimate friend, the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, of Rotterdam, who died during the American contest, informed me, in some of those annual visits he paid to Ipswich (where I was once settled), and to London, to the following purpose: When Lady Mary Wortley Montague was returning from the continent to England, she resided for a while at Rotterdam, waiting for a twenty-gun frigate to bring her safely over, as it was a time of war. During her stay Mr. Sowden waited upon her. His good-sense, agreeable conversation, and suitable conduct, were so pleasing to her ladyship, that she made him a present of her manuscript letters; and, in her own hand-writing, attested her having given them to Mr. Sowden. Lady Bute having been informed (probably by Lady Montague's chaplain), that the manuscripts of her ladyship were in the possession of Mr. Sowden, claimed them of him. He consulted, if I mistake not, among others, Messrs. Cliffords, the bankers. Lord Bute was acquainted with the particular donation of them

them to Mr. Sowden. The giving them up was still urged. At length Messrs. Cliffords and Mr. Sowden concluding, that a proper acknowledgment for so valuable a manuscript treasure would undoubtedly be made, the letters were safely conveyed to Lady Bute. No acknowledgment was made. The letters were shortly after published, and had an amazing sale. This raised the spirits of Messrs. Cliffords and Sowden, and such measures were taken, that the latter was presented with three hundred pounds. It was at length discovered, that a Scotchman, who was to enjoy the whole profits of the impression, paid the three hundred pounds. I remember, that meeting Mr. Sowden afterwards at Mr. Fields, the bookseller, the latter said to the former, if we had possessed the publishing and sale of them jointly, we should each have gotten three hundred pounds.

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM GORDON.

St. Neot's,
April 9, 1798.

* * This tale is far from being clearly told. Perhaps for *editor*, in Mr. Walpole's account of the transaction, we should read *bookseller*. The matter is, indeed, of little moment, the chief object being the authenticity of Lady M. W. Montague's letters, which Mr. Gordon's story confirms.

Several other epistles concerning the Walpoliana are omitted, as proceeding on mere misapprehension, or difference of opinion.



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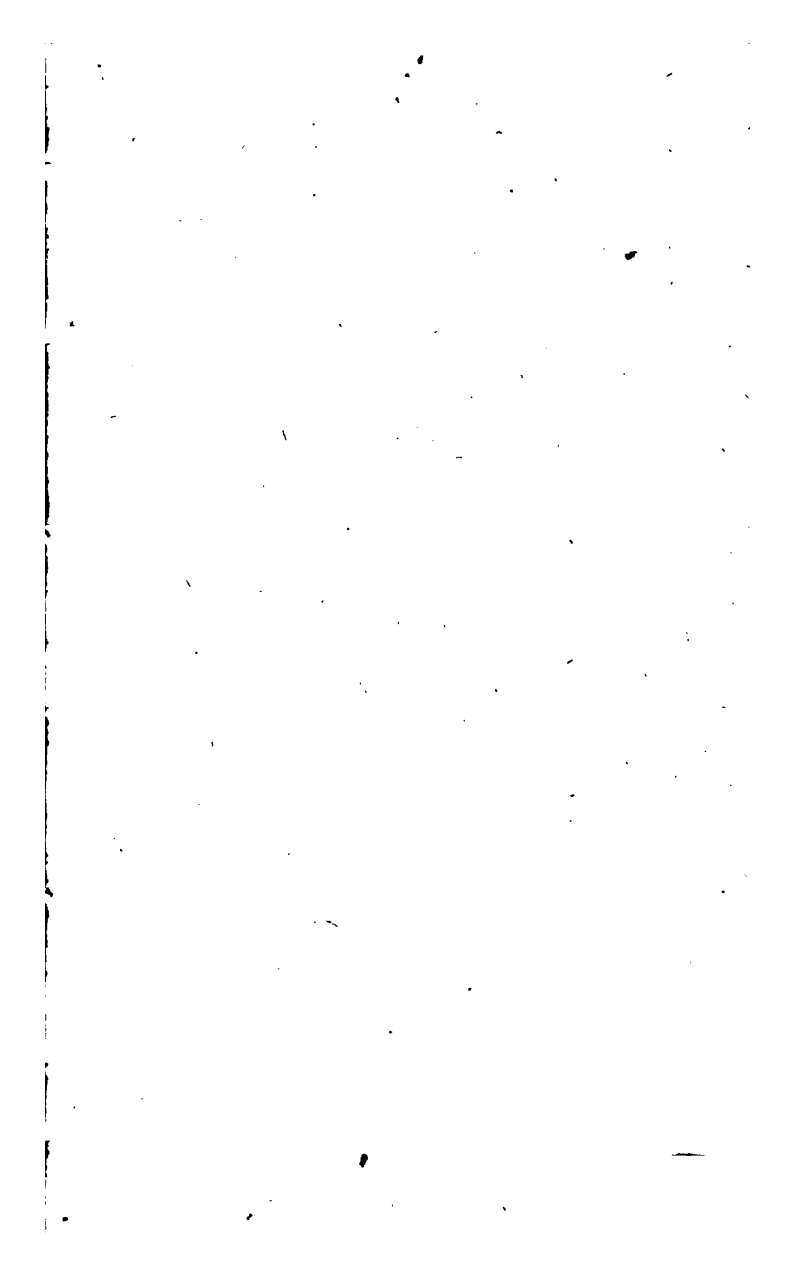
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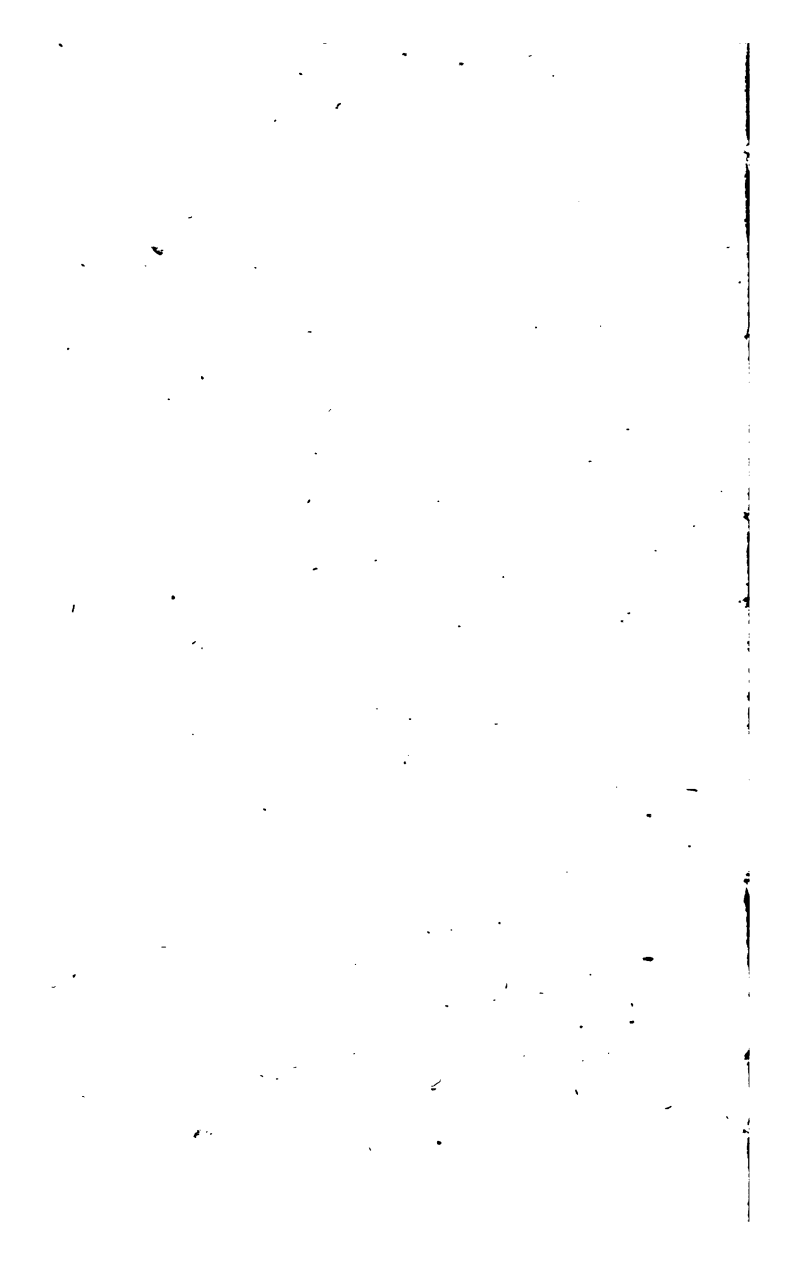
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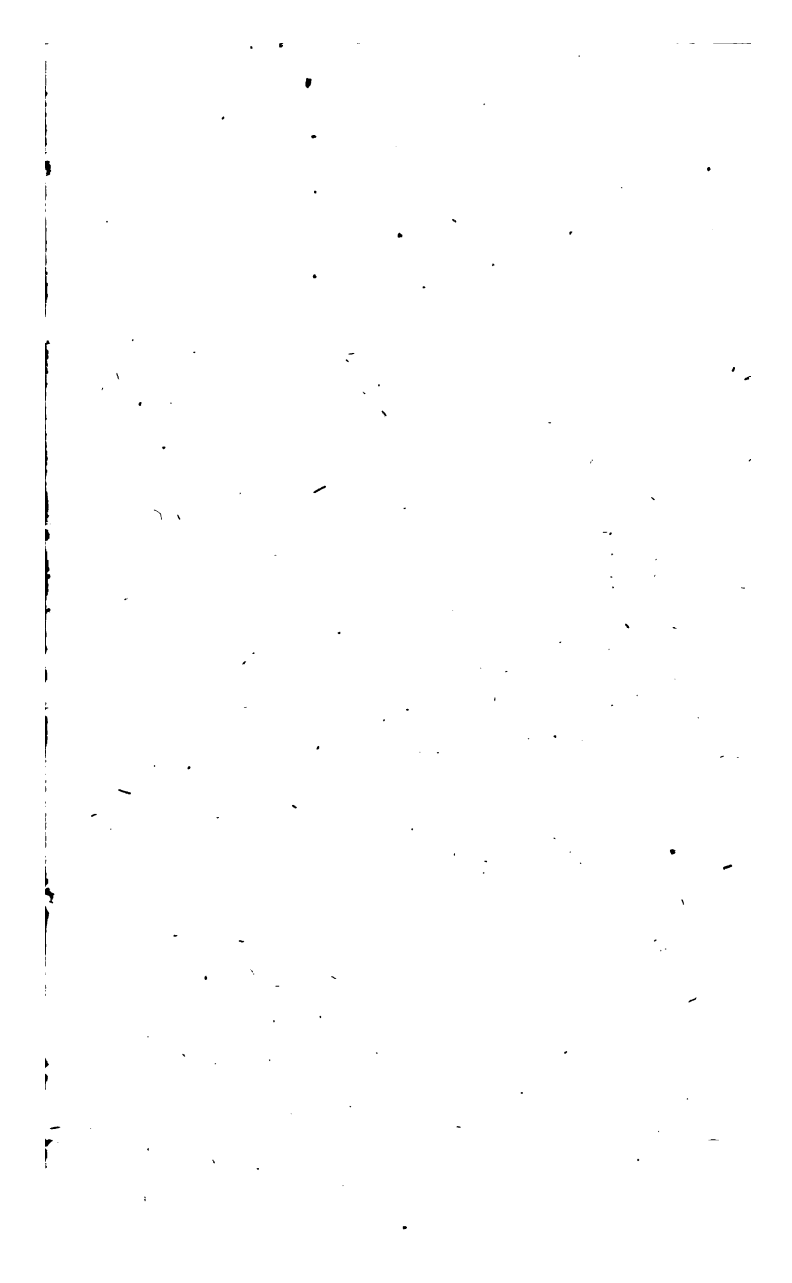
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